The Outlook

January 16, 1924

Hiram Johnson's Platform

SENATOR HIRAM JOHNSON has announced the chief planks in his platform as a candidate for the Presidential nomination. He announced this platform in a speech at Cleveland on January 3. For the policies he has announced he now asks the indorsement of the Republican voters. If he should secure the Republican nomination, he would then ask the Republican party to seek the indorsement of the voters of the whole country for those same policies.

From beginning to end the speech is an attack on the administration of the Government by his own party, and specifically an attack on the Coolidge Administration.

His speech may be divided into three parts.

In the first part he attacks the methods used by those in power in his own party for selecting the Presidential candidate. For years the proportion of delegates from the Southern States to the Republican Convention has far exceeded the proportion of Republican votes in those States. One Republican in South Carolina, he declares, for example, has an equal voice in Republican councils with one hundred Republicans in Ohio. This has led to manipulation and corruption, as everybody knows. "It is this system upon which we war," he says, 'and it is this system I challenge in this campaign."

In the second part of his speech he attacks Mr. Mellon's proposal for tax reduction, and advocates the payment of a bonus to able-bodied veterans. His argument against Mr. Mellon's tax reduction plan is of course not against tax reduction as such, for he believes that to be desirable and possible, but against the proposal to make large reductions on big incomes. He says, for example, that there are 13,600,000 people who pay taxes on incomes of less than $10,000, while only 330,000 pay taxes on incomes of over $10,000. Therefore he concludes that the 13,600,000 should have their taxes reduced, while the 330,000, being rich, can exercise their "happy faculty of looking out for themselves." He regards the fact that under the Mellon plan a man with an income of $250,000 would "save" $49,000 a year, and one with an income of $1,000,000 would "save" $252,000 a year, as an argument against the Mellon plan. He declares that his party is pledged to the payment of a bonus, and cites statements by individual members of the party in support of his contention. He does not point out how the bonus can be paid without preventing by the amount of the bonus an otherwise possible tax reduction. He attributes the argument against "commercialized patriotism" to the prating of millionaires.

International

Senator Hiram Johnson

In the third part of his speech he discusses the foreign policies of the Government. He reiterates his opposition to all connection with the League or with the World Court—with the League because it involves us in political affairs in Europe, from which we ought to keep free, and with the World Court because it is a product of the League and because, having no power to enforce its decisions, it is "futile." He opposes the sale of arms to Obregon on the ground that it encourages the suppression of revolution, and that our own country was founded on revolution. The argument seems to be that we ought to encourage rather than suppress revolution, although in the same discussion he says he abhors war, and would go to any length and make any sacrifice to preclude wars.

A Fighter with Just One Good Blow

IN the scandal about Southern delegates to the Republican Convention Senator Johnson has a good case. His campaign for the nomination would be stronger if he confined himself to that issue. On that he speaks with knowledge and without any distortion or misunderstanding of the facts. The Republican machine and its managers ought to be hammered, and hammered hard, for failing to correct the corrupting evil that, as Senator Johnson says, pollutes the stream of representative government at its source.

When, however, he discusses tax reduction, the bonus, and foreign affairs, he is by no means as certain of his ground, or as convincing to thoughtful citizens.

He seems to assume that the amount of money that a rich man has is used solely for his own luxurious enjoyment. He totally ignores the fact that it is out of incomes that capital investments are made, and that what goes into taxes cannot go into investments. It is because so many public men in America have argued as Mr. Johnson is arguing that there has been extravagance in Government coupled with famine in capital which is the food on which industry thrives. He talks about the rich man being better able than the man of moderate income to bear the burden of taxation. What he fails to see is that the burden of taxation cannot be made to rest only or even chiefly on the rich, but must rest on the whole community, for taxes are passed on either directly or indirectly to those who consume the products of industry. In this respect Mr. Johnson has joined the campaign of the Democratic opposition. He is as unconvincing in his argument for the bonus as he is in his argument against the Mellon tax reduction plan. His whole appeal on both tax reduction and the bonus is an appeal to men of moderate means, but

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an appeal not to their reason but to their prejudices. It is the same kind of appeal that Mr. Bryan made in 1896 against the gold standard.

On foreign affairs Mr. Johnson reiterates the arguments he has already made familiar so far as they concern the League and the Court, and they will have weight only with those who already agree with him. He presents no new case. We think he is right about the League and wrong about the Court. In his argument upon Mexico it seems to us he answers himself. He is self-contradictory. In one breath he urges revolution, and deplores war. In one breath he declares that the insurrection against Obregon is an exercise of a free people in resisting oppression, and then declares, "The merits of the contest raging in Mexico I don't know."

Discussing Russia

ALTHOUGH recognition of foreign governments is an executive act, the Senate has made it its business to discuss the subject of recognizing the Soviet régime in Russia. The old Chinese proverb, "It is a rainy day—leisure to beat the children," seems to apply to the Senate in this case. It might be paraphrased, "Deadlock over the chairmanship of Inter-State Commerce Committee—leisure to discuss Russia." Senator Borah is as persistent in digging up the Russian recognition question as a dog is in going back to the old woodchuck hole. He seems to think that if we once should consent to sit down at the same table with the Bolshevists, we should flatter and gratify them so by our act that they would become complacent and friendly, and would soon acknowledge their evil ways. It is true, he says, that he is in perfect accord with President Coolidge on requiring the settlement of American claims of the adjustment of the Russian Reparations debt and the stopping of the Communist propaganda as prerequisites to recognizing the Russian Soviet Republic; but, in order to get this official expression of a change of heart, he would negotiate with the Bolshevists, and thus to that degree recognize them.

The argument appears to be, briefly: Of course we must not recognize them until they repent; but, in order to secure their repentance, it is necessary to recognize them. Conclusion: Let us recognize them.

To answer the demand for the recognition of Russia, Senator Lodge devoted on Monday of last week a speech of 30,000 words. He produced documentary evidence to show that the Bolshevists had subsidiary companies, so to speak, with interlocking directorates. When the Communist International engages in the propaganda characteristic of it, the Russian Government affects innocence, and protests that it must not be held responsible for what is done by this other body. As a matter of fact, the same men act as the dominant political organization in Russia in one capacity, as organized international propaganda in another, and as the Government of Russia in another. "The Russian Soviet Republic, the Federation of Soviet Republics, and the Communist International are practically one and the same," said Senator Lodge. "Here was declared to be presented," and he showed a table of high officials, "a system of interlocking directorates which would be accepted at once by any court or any jury in this country as demonstrated without any further inquiry. These interlocking directorates constitute the real government of Russia. All power is theirs. . . . Everything that has been done by any one of the three branches of the Russian Government—the Federation of Soviet Republics, the Russian Soviet Republic, and the Communist Party, and the greatest of these is the Communist Party—has been done by the Government of Russia. There is no escaping that fact."

Senator Lodge quoted from a letter written by Trotsky to an American Negro, urging the "training of black agitators" as "the most important revolutionary problem of the moment." He quoted a letter written under date of July 12 last which demonstrates "the close connection between the Communist International and the Workers' Party of America." As Senator Lodge shows, the Communist International is dominated by the Russian Communist Party, which also controls the whole Russian Government. "In other words," said Senator Lodge, "the Communist propaganda in America comes directly from the Government we are asked to recognize."

A Paralyzed Congress

AN obstruction forms in a small blood-vessel, and the whole body becomes paralyzed. A bit of dirt clogs the carburetor, and the motor stops. A deadlock occurs in the voting for the Chairman of a Senate Committee, and the whole business of Congress has been paralyzed.

If the Senate of the United States cannot soon choose a Chairman for its Committee on Inter-State Commerce, the country may have to abandon hope for any considerable programme of constructive legislation at this session of Congress. A small group of radical members of the Senate have cast enough votes to prevent either of the leading candidates, Senator Cummins, Republican, of Iowa, and Senator Smith, Democrat, of South Carolina, from receiving the majority needed for election. This small minority, though possessing as a group no constructive power in legislation, have shown themselves possessed of an obstructive power which can be used to defeat any party measure which they wish to oppose. It is not the deadlock itself, and the consequent failure in attempting to elect a committee Chairman, that threatens the law-making power, but the obstructive power, spirit, and tactics of these radical Senators who style themselves progressive.

Until President Harding died there was no reason to doubt that Mr. Cummins would continue to be, as he was in the last Congress, both President *pro tempore* of the Senate and Chairman of the Inter-State Commerce Committee. When, however, Mr. Coolidge became President of the United States and therefore ceased to be the presiding officer of the Senate, Mr. Cummins became virtually the Senate's permanent presiding officer. The so-called "progressive group" objected to having the holder of this important position also Chairman of one of the most powerful committees, and therefore it refused to vote for Senator Cummins. Senator La Follette, next in seniority and a radical on railway questions, was absent from the Senate on account of illness, so the "progressives" united in voting for Senator Couzens, though they would prefer and, if they really had a chance to elect, would have probably voted for Senator La Follette. As a consequence, although there is a Republican majority in the Senate, on typical ballots Senator Smith, the Democratic candidate, has been receiving two or three more votes than Senator Cummins.

From the Republican discord the Democrats are receiving small comfort. Quite as much as the Republicans, they are devoted to the seniority precedent, and most of them, though for party rea-

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Till Further Settling

(Lear, Act IV, Scene 7)

Darling in the Cincinnati Enquirer

His New Mechanician

From Frederic E. Weigand, Cincinnati, Ohio

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Micawber Waits for Something to Turn Up

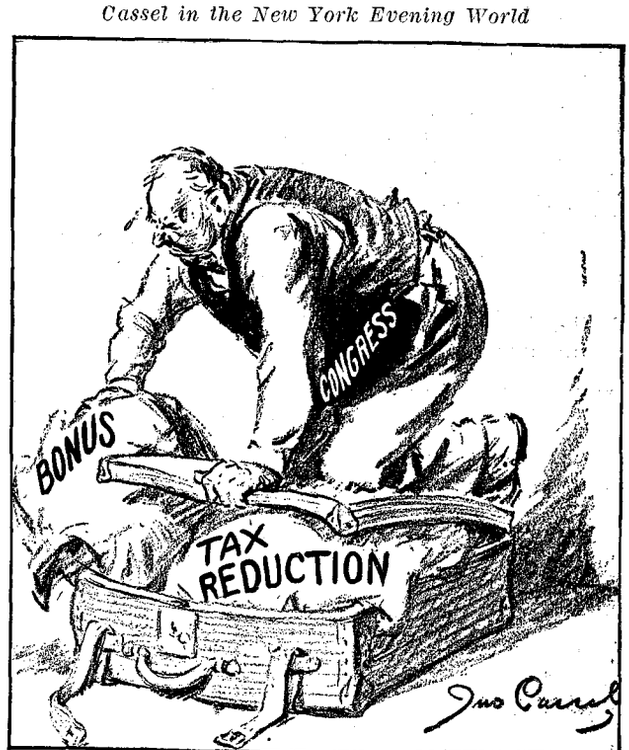
From John Fleming, St. Louis, Mo.

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Public Ledger

"Strictly Medicinal!"

From Anne S. Eissler, Philadelphia, Pa.

Cassel in the New York Evening World



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It Can't Be Done!

From Dora Albert, New York City

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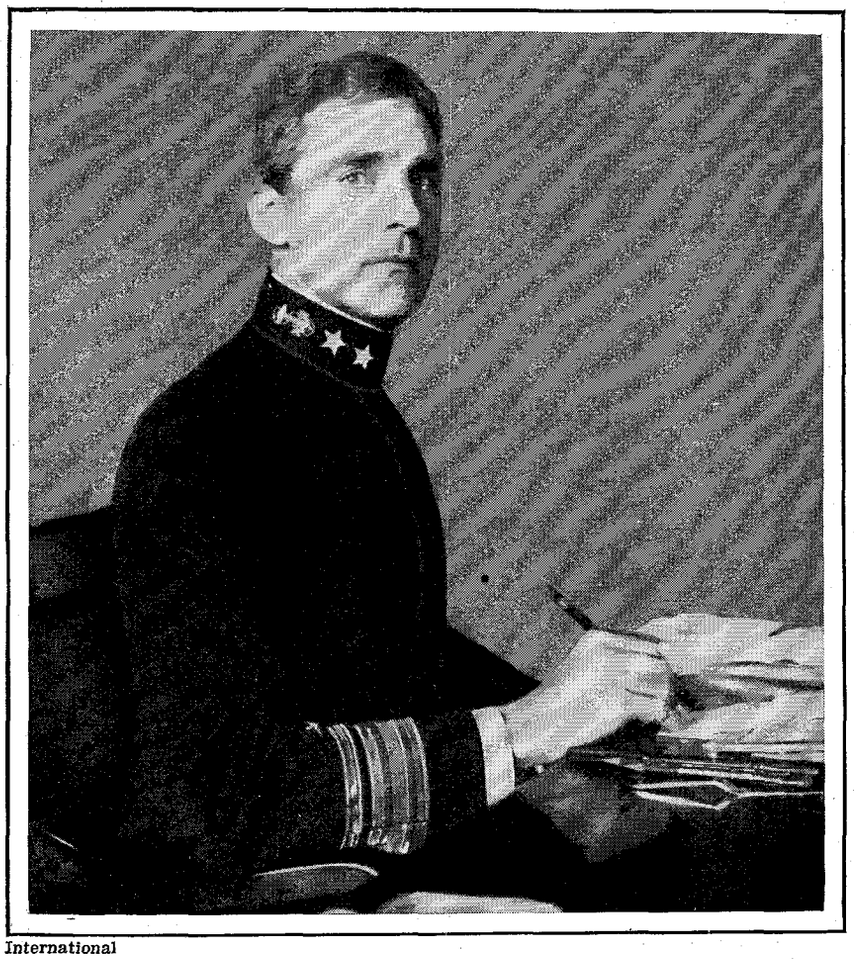
sons they must vote for their own party candidates, would be glad to see Senator Cummins elected. Generally, they would be averse to assuming the responsibility for a Democratic Chairman in a Republican Senate. They therefore would welcome neither the attempt to throw the Democratic vote to the election of the radical Republican, Mr. La Follette, nor the attempt of the radical Republicans to throw their own vote for the election of the Democratic candidate, Mr. Smith. And yet there seems to be no hope that either the radical Republicans or a sufficient number of Democrats will shift their votes sufficiently to elect Mr. Cummins. It is conceivable that, by tacit agreement, the Committee may be enabled to function without a permanent Chairman but with a temporary presiding officer at each session instead.

What makes this deadlock significant of the political situation is the fact that it is occasioned by conflicting views within the Republican party as to railway legislation. Probably the great majority of Republicans and Democrats in Congress see no reason for radically amending the present transportation act; but the interests for which the "progressive" group speaks quite decidedly wish the law changed. High freight rates, on the one hand, are a drain on industry and particularly on agriculture. Government interference, on the other hand, is regarded in many quarters as the cause for much of our transportation difficulties. This deadlock in the Senate is indicative of the difficulty which the whole country is facing in its attempt to understand and solve the problems of the railways in relation to the Government.



International

Admiral Palmer, newly appointed President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation

A Seaman Operator for American Ships

EFFICIENCY in operation of Government-owned ships is the result which President Coolidge undoubtedly hopes to accomplish in removing the vessels from the control of the United States Shipping Board and placing them, practically, under the individual direction of Admiral Leigh Palmer as President of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. By friends of the Administration the change is spoken of as indicating a nearer approach to harmony in the counsels of the Government than has previously existed at any time since President Harding's plan for a ship subsidy was abandoned.

There is as yet no complete public understanding of what the change means in detail. The announcement was made by Senator Jones, of Washington, originator of the new plan of operation, following a conference with the President. It was a brief statement, dealing only with large facts.

It is indicated clearly enough that operation of the ships will be a one-man function, and that, while Admiral Palmer is nominally responsible to the Shipping Board, he is to have complete liberty of action. The Shipping Board, it is believed, will continue as a Government agency, not for the operation of ships at all, but for the regulation of ocean traffic. The Board will assume toward water transportation, it is understood, much the same position that the Inter-State Commerce Commission occupies with relation to rail transportation. It will regulate rates, not only of Government-owned ships, but of American vessels operated by private companies; but it will have no active connection with the business side of ship operation.

The statement is frankly made by friends of the Administration that President Coolidge has returned to the Wilson plan of vesting authority in a single individual. Bickerings within the Shipping Board are said to be mainly responsible not only for the recent resignation of Chairman Farley but for failure to put ship operation on a sound basis. It is said that President Harding realized the necessity for centralization of authority and that A. D. Lasker had, in fact, practically unlimited power. This, however, was not a publicly recognized power, and therefore was not cheerfully accepted by the Board itself.

Mr. Farley, despite his resignation and the appointment of another man to operate the Government ships, is given a large measure of credit for the change of policy. Several months ago he made public announcement of a plan to form subsidiary companies to operate the ships. This plan was abandoned only because Attorney-General Daugherty gave the opinion that it was inconsistent with the present law. The Emergency Fleet Corporation under the new arrangement, it is said, will do exactly what Mr. Farley had expected of the proposed subsidiary companies.

Aside from the benefits to be derived from centralization of authority, it is claimed that the new plan is advantageous in that the Emergency Fleet Corporation will be free from the political

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Springfield, Mo.

influences that have always hovered over the Shipping Board.

Public men in Washington not so friendly to the Administration as those already referred to express the belief that there should have been a more thorough house-cleaning. Representative Davis, of Tennessee, who at the last session of Congress proposed a one-man plan similar to the one now adopted coupled with complete abolition of the Shipping Board, asserts that persons are retained in important positions who have definite connections with foreign shipping interests and who would be glad to see American shipping destroyed. He says, however, that the President's act is a step in the right direction, that the President is genuinely interested in saving American shipping, and that criticism of the plan could not be justified without fuller understanding of details.

Admiral Palmer, who will assume complete charge of operating the Government-owned ships, was formerly chief of the Bureau of Navigation of the Navy, with the rank of Rear-Admiral. Recently he has been the representative of the Shipping Board in Brazil.

The Yearly Advance of Science

At the seventy-fifth annual meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, held during the holidays in Cincinnati, a number of notable scientific discoveries were made public.

This large association of learned men, corresponding in a sense to the British Royal Society, includes among its twelve thousand members practically all of the great leaders in the several branches of American science, such as physics, chemistry, biology, geology, astronomy, anthropology, etc. Thus the various scientific announcements made at its annual meetings make up a record of the advances brought about by the best American scientific research of the previous year.

The keynote of the recent meeting was given by the President of the Association, Dr. J. P. McMurrich, Professor of Anatomy at the University of Toronto, who defended the doctrine of evolution. Dr. McMurrich denied that this doctrine has been shaken by science, as has been asserted by its opponents. We have learned far more about evolution, especially about its causes, than Darwin ever dreamed of; but this newer knowledge does not stand as a denial of the doctrine, but only of some of the causes and methods of evolution as believed in by Darwin.

Some of the Advances Announced at Cincinnati

Dr. D. C. Chamberlain, of the University of Chicago, dean of American geologists, recounted the immense changes brought about in our concept of the universe during his lifetime. "During the last seventy-five years," said he, "the world has changed from a bundle of matter to a bundle of energy." The modern electronic theory regards matter and the atom as a sort of stored or latent form of energy.

It is thought by Dr. N. E. McIndoo, of the Bureau of Entomology, that the long-hoped-for solution of the problem of controlling the costly cotton-boll weevil lies close at hand. Experiments recently made indicate that this destructive beetle is enabled to locate cotton fields over distances of several miles by a highly acute sense of smell. Therefore it is hoped that some essence may be extracted from the cotton plant which will act as a scent to allure the weevils into traps before they have reached the cotton fields.

The ductless glands continue to be the subject of a great amount of research. Dr. Oscar Riddle, of the research staff of the Carnegie Station for Experimental Evolution, has apparently proved that the thymus gland, close to the heart, is "the mother of the race." This gland, which atrophies after adolescence, is a rudiment of an active gland which controlled the formation of essential parts of the egg in the egg-laying animals which, millions of years ago, were ancestral to man and other animals.

The new mercury vapor boiler was described by Mr. E. L. Robinson, of the General Electric Company. This invention is doubtless destined in some measure to replace the steam boiler. It uses mercury, which vaporizes at a temperature of about 800 degrees Fahrenheit under comparatively low pressures, in combination with water. The thermal efficiency of this new method of generating power is so much greater than that made possible by the use of water vapor in the usual manner that it is claimed that 52 per cent of the fuel will be saved.

Dr. D. T. MacDougal, of the Carnegie Institution, has made progress in the effort to get energy from the atmosphere, and the work is being continued. He is trying to find out how plants get carbon from the air with the help of sunlight, so that man may meet the coal scarcity due within a few centuries. A solution of this problem would probably include a method of getting human food from the atmosphere.

Coupled with this effort to get energy from the air is the attack on the problem of the wireless transmission of power, which has been made with small but successful results by Dr. W. R. Whitney, Director of the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company. Before the Association for the Advancement of Science at its meeting Dr. Whitney succeeded in transmitting enough power to light an ordinary electric light bulb over a space of about one foot.

University Theaters

With its announcement of a new repertory of plays available for public presentation throughout the State, the University Theater at the State University of Iowa takes its place in a comparatively new movement that is rapidly gaining ground in various colleges and universities in this country. In the Middle West, particularly, the increased cost of maintaining "road shows" has led to a dearth of professional entertainment. And an effort to supply this lack has been partly responsible for the development of companies of student players available for a limited number of bookings in cities and towns within easy reach of the university theaters. The repertories of these student companies are usually made up of the best classic and modern drama and often include a number of plays written by the students themselves.

Notable among these university organizations is the Little Country Theater of the North Dakota Agricultural College, which, under the direction of Professor Alfred G. Argold, has become a neighborhood center for distinctive entertainment and has been making brief tours for several years. Staging and costumes as well as some of the plays are the work of the students. Professor Frederick Koch, of the University of North Carolina, who received his early training at this Dakota theater, has achieved remarkable success with his Carolina Playmakers, especially in the writing of original folk-lore plays which represent a

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unique community literature. On the Pacific Coast the State University of Washington has developed an enviable reputation for its Little Theater, and dramatic production is given much attention in the California schools.

Outsiders might imagine that this extended attention to plays would lead to neglect of other curriculum subjects. But by careful faculty direction the danger of over-emphasis may be avoided and the way opened for a logical and tactful means of eliminating less desirable amusements among students. In many instances the university theater began as an outdoor theater and gradually built up the interest and experience necesssary to establish a year-round organization and frequently to send out a company for transient tours. Now, from Dartmouth to Berkeley, the college or university theater is becoming the rule rather than the exception, and the development is significant in a number of ways.

University patronage means the promoting of better plays and higher standards of appreciation. Through the theater, school and community come together in a delightful sort of intimacy which benefits both. It also has a vitalizing effect in the universities, relating classwork to the best in contemporary drama, lending fresh color and appeal to study of the classics, and giving youthful energy a sane, artistic avenue for expression. And as the departments of music, stagecraft, literature, and dramatic art combine in intelligently co-ordinated production, such activity promises to become a real constructive force in refining the stage and in extending its best influence.

The "American Mercury"

THE new monthly magazine the "American Mercury" provokes varied comments.

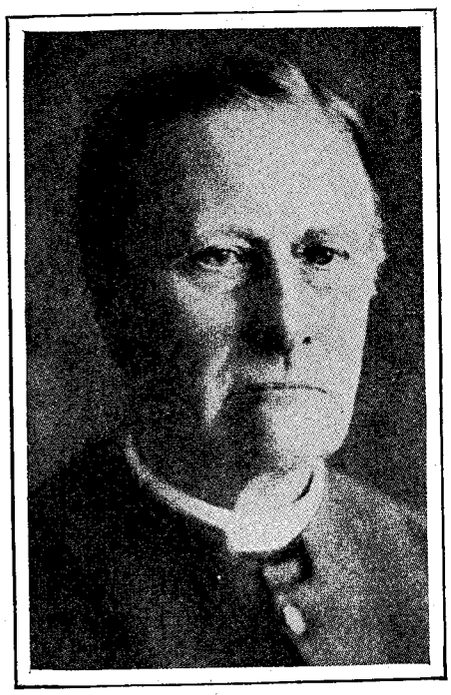
To some, who took too seriously the many announcements that the editors, Messrs. Mencken and Nathan, late of the "Smart Set," had definitely forsworn the slap-stick, the "Mercury" seems very serious, almost ponderous. Others find in the "Clinical Notes," by the editors, much the same flavor which used to be in a similar department in their other magazine. Certainly there are references throughout the first number to "boobs," and probably to "yokels," which means people with whom the editors disagree.

Mr. Mencken has announced his passion for liberty, and liberty in his scheme of thought dwells, or did dwell, in Berlin! He has abandoned his valiant belief in the lyric, and admitted to this number four pieces of uninteresting prose called "Poems," by Theodore Dreiser. But, with these discounts, the first number of the "Mercury" is a well-printed and interesting magazine, independent, disrespectful alike to stodgy conservative and freakish radical. It pokes fun—bitter fun, of course—at manifestations of smugness, bigotry, and ignorance in America.

If it will poke fun at its own ignorance, bigotry, and smugness as well as others', it will be welcome and deserve success.

The Last of the Squarsons

THERE is more hope of fame in writing a single immortal lyric than a dozen books. Something to this effect was said by Holmes, and it is interesting to see how far it applies to Sabine Baring-Gould, who has recently died within a few weeks of his ninetieth birthday. He was the author of a hymn which has been sung around the world, "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and of so many books that there was one for each year of his long life, and perhaps a few over. His famous hymn has lost none of its popularity, and outside of its use in churches it has always been a favorite with military bands. The stirring music, however, by Arthur Sullivan, had a great deal to do with the widespread regard in which it was held. One of its lines even suffered and survived a parody, during a controversy about carrying the Cross in the processional.



Sabine Baring-Gould

But, for some reason or other, the authorship of any words, once they are set to music, tends to be forgotten or ignored by most persons, and it is doubtful if one in ten of those who sang "Onward, Christian Soldiers" remembered Baring-Gould, the Devonshire rector and squire, with his extraordinary list of books on such a variety of subjects.

Some of these books survive; some have already perished; fame of the first rank was not in any of them. An enormous range of information and learning and an interesting style were in nearly all of them. In respect to the number of books to his credit he was probably, at his death, England's most voluminous writer. His monumental "Lives of the Saints" will long be consulted, and his books on travel, local history, and folklore should hold their places. His novels—and he was the author of a number of them, mostly published in his later years—are in no great demand to-day.

His religious writings were many, ranging from volumes of sermons to "The Passion of Jesus," a history of the Eucharist, and a study of St. Paul. He had been a traveler in Iceland, and one of his first books described that country; he wrote others about different European countries and sections of the British Isles. But one of the most engaging sides of his character as a literary man, and perhaps his best claim to a reputation which will long survive him, was his interest in folklore, myths, and superstitions. On these subjects the list of his writings is impressive. "A Book of Were-Wolves" (published as long ago as 1865), "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages," "Old Fairy Tales Retold," and "A Book of Ghosts" are but a few of the titles.

He loved the quaint and the curious, and his volumes about the odd characters of Devonshire and Cornwall make especially good reading. He records in his life of Robert Stephen Hawker, "The Vicar of Morwenstow," some of the best anecdotes about that engaging personality. This is pleasant to note; modern literary criticism has been trying to explode the story of Hawker's proposal of marriage, as well as his impersonation of a merman. Baring-Gould apparently reversed the formula of the French lady who did not believe in ghosts, but feared

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them. He did not fear them, but he would have liked to believe in them, had not his common sense prevented it.

In his manor house of Lew Trenchard —for this clergyman inherited an estate, and was the last of the squire-parsons, or "squarsons"—a ghost known as Old Madam walked as recently as 1918. Her footsteps were heard by Baring-Gould's mother and sister, many years ago, but it was in 1918 that two nurses left the house because of a mysterious female figure which walked in the nursery and bent over the children's beds. The author himself, on two occasions, heard strange creaking or swishing sounds. But, so far as the sounds are concerned, this sprightly old man, writing in his eighty-ninth year, had an explanation, and he gave it in one word: Rats. After a life spent in investigating goblins, pixies, wraiths, mermaids, and kobolds, he had to admit that he had never seen any of them. He refused, as a young man, to be terrified by the were-wolves of Brittany, although a local mayor and a priest warned him about them. And, as an old man, he was actually irreverent toward his family ghost.

The Bok Prize Plan

IN substance the plan which has won Mr. Edward W. Bok's prize of fifty thousand dollars is a plea for the League of Nations with the Lodge Reservations. If it had appeared four years ago it would have been accepted by many who will disapprove it to-day. It comes now four years late.

That this plan as outlined was not adopted in 1919 was due to the opposition of President Wilson. He declared that Article 10 of the Covenant of the League of Nations was "the heart of the Covenant." The prize-winning plan, like the Lodge Reservations, would remove the heart of the League. President Wilson withstood the demands made to modify the League as the prize-winning plan would modify it. But for him the United States would now be a member of the League of Nations on the terms which the prize proposal names. He staked all on a choice between the League as it was and no League at all, and he lost.

There is no indication that the country since then has desired to reconsider the decision then made.

With many of the activities of the League the people of the United States have been in sympathy and the Government of the United States has been glad to co-operate. As has been pointed out by the writer or writers of the prize-winning plan:

> The United States Government has accredited its representatives to sit as members "in an unofficial and consulting capacity" upon four of the most important social welfare commissions of the League, viz.: Health, opium, traffic in women and children, and anthrax (industrial hygiene).
>
> Our Government is a full member of the International Hydrographic Bureau, an organ of the League. Our Government was represented by an "unofficial observer" in the Brussels Conference (Finance and Economic Commission) in 1920. It sent the Hon. Stephen G. Porter and Bishop Brent to represent it at the meeting of the Opium Commission last May.
>
> Our Public Health Service has taken part in the Serological Congresses of the Epidemic Commissions and has helped in the experimental work for the standardization of serums.
>
> Our Government collaborates with the League Health Organization through the International Office of Public Health at Paris, and with the Agriculture Committee of the League Labor Organization through the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome.

All such activities in which the United States has co-operated with the League are non-political. Not one of them affects political or diplomatic policies. Every one is administrative, like the operation of the post office or the health department of a city.

There is no reason why the United States should not continue to co-operate with the non-political activities of the League.

There is no reason, therefore, why the United States should hesitate to adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice with the reservations proposed by Secretary Hughes and President Harding, as this prize plan proposes; for this Court is a product, not of the political activities of the League, but of its administrative function, and we can as cordially co-operate with the League in erecting this Court, in which the country as a whole believes, as in the League's activities concerning opium or any other non-political subject.

There is no reason why this country should not cordially approve this prize plan's proposal that the Assembly and Council of the League of Nations should engage in collaborating "for the revision and development of international law," with the aid of a commission of jurists, for such work of codification of law is a non-political administrative activity.

In these respects the plan may be commended, as it can be for its recognition of the Monroe Doctrine not "as a regional understanding" (to use the phrase in the League of Nations Covenant) but as a policy of the United States Government; and for the emphasis the plan places upon justice as a factor in world peace.

But to its proposal that the United States should join the League of Nations as a political body assembled for consultation to determine international policies, we believe the country will and ought to display vigorous opposition.

In the four years that have intervened since the Senate stood ready to adopt the League of Nations Covenant with the Lodge Reservations it has become increasingly clear to the people of America that peace is not the product of any scheme or organization. The argument that in lieu of any other organization the League of Nations ought to be accepted has lost its point. To the question, What permanent organization do you propose in the place of the League? a perfectly reasonable answer is, None. Those who believe that the world can be saved by the writing of a document or the holding of an assembly or the organizing of a committee are not as numerous as they were four years ago.

The prize-winning plan recognizes now what opponents of the League recognized four years ago, that the dream of a league that could force peace upon the world is only a dream—and a bad dream. But this plan still reposes hope in the League as a political agency. As long as the League has any political functions, even if those functions should be without any compulsory power, the United States should, and, we believe, will, remain outside of it. Those political functions would remain in the League even though Article 10 and Article 16 should be excluded. Article 11 and Article 12 would remain and would keep the League a definitely political body. Article 11 declares war or threat of war to be of concern to the whole League and provides that "the League shall take any action that may be deemed wise and effectual to safeguard the peace of nations." Article 12 commits every nation

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Summary of the Prize-Winning Plan in Mr. Bok's American Peace Award

STATEMENT OF POLICY COMMITTEE:

The Question to be Voted upon

The substantial provisions which constitute plan Number 1469, selected by the Jury of Award, and upon which the vote of the American people is asked, are hereby submitted as follows:

I—Enter the Permanent Court

That the United States adhere to the Permanent Court of International Justice for the reasons and under the conditions stated by Secretary Hughes and President Harding in February, 1923.

II—Co-operate with the League of Nations, Without Full Membership at Present

That, without becoming a member of the League of Nations as at present constituted, the United States Government should extend its present co-operation with the League and propose participation in the work of its Assembly and Council under the following conditions and reservations:

1. *Safeguarding of Monroe Doctrine.*—The United States accepts the League of Nations as an instrument of mutual counsel, but it will assume no obligation to interfere with political questions of policy or internal administration of any foreign State.

   In uniting its efforts with those of other States for the preservation of peace and the promotion of the common welfare, the United States insists upon the safeguarding of the Monroe Doctrine and does not abandon its traditional attitude concerning American independence of the Old World and does not consent to submit its long-established policy concerning questions regarded by it as purely American to the recommendation or decision of other Powers.

2. *No Military or Economic Force.*—The only kind of compulsion which nations can freely engage to apply to each other in the name of Peace is that which arises from conference, from moral judgment, from full publicity, and from the power of public opinion.

   The United States will assume no obligations under Article X in its present form, or under Article XVI in its present form in the Covenant, or in its amended form as now proposed, unless in any particular case Congress has authorized such action.

   The United States proposes that Articles X and XVI be either dropped altogether or so amended and changed as to eliminate any suggestion of a general agreement to use coercion for obtaining conformity to the pledges of the Covenant.

3. *No Obligations Under Versailles Treaty.*—That the United States will accept no responsibilities under the Treaty of Versailles unless in any particular case Congress has authorized such action.

4. *League Open to All Nations.*—The United States Government proposes that Article I of the Covenant be construed and applied, or, if necessary, redrafted, so that admission to the League shall be assured to any self-governing State that wishes to join and that receives the favorable vote of two-thirds of the Assembly.

5. *Development of International Law.*—As a condition of its participation in the work and counsels of the League, the United States asks that the Assembly and Council consent—or obtain authority—to begin collaboration for the revision and development of international law, employing for this purpose the aid of a commission of jurists. This Commission would be directed to formulate anew existing rules of the law of nations, to reconcile divergent opinions, to consider points hitherto inadequately provided for but vital to the maintenance of international justice, and in general to define the social rights and duties of States. The recommendations of the Commission would be presented from time to time, in proper form for consideration, to the Assembly as to a recommending if not a lawmaking body.

In order that the vote may be taken solely upon the merits of the plan, the Policy Committee, with the acquiescence of Mr. Bok, has decided not to disclose the authorship of the plan until after the referendum, or early in February. The identity of the author is unknown to the members of the Jury of Award and the Policy Committee, except one delegated member.

(Signed) JOHN W. DAVIS, LEARNED HAND, WILLIAM H. JOHNSTON, ESTHER EVERETT LAPE (*Member in charge*), NATHAN L. MILLER, MRS. GIFFORD PINCHOT, MRS. OGDEN REID, MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, HENRY L. STIMSON, MELVILLE E. STONE, MRS. FRANK A. VANDERLIP, CORNELIUS N. BLISS, JR. (*Treasurer*)

member of the League to the pledge that in no case will it resort to war until three months after an arbitral award or a report by the Council. It is not sufficient to say, as the prize plan says, that the United States "will accept no responsibility and assume no obligation in connection with any duties imposed upon the League" unless Congress in any particular case authorizes action; for, if the United States becomes a member of an international political body, no disclaiming of responsibility can prevent the United States from becoming involved in political situations and consequent obligations. A foreigner who becomes a naturalized citizen of America may decline to participate as a voter in American elections, but he cannot escape being involved in the political situations which arise in his community. No more could the United States when once a member of an international political body escape obligation by merely disclaiming it.

The only condition on which the United States should enter the League of Nations is that the League should divest itself wholly of every political and diplomatic function. That condition is not likely to be fulfilled in the near future; for it is not likely that those who have tasted the excitement of discussing great policies will easily be led to confine themselves to work on commissions whose activities will be purely administrative. Such activities stimulate no oratory. They make no pretense of instituting a new and mysterious world order. They simply provide the means by which nations can do together the things that can be done better together than separately. They form a habit of international co-operation, and of compromise on non-essentials, that is itself an essential in civilized life. But to hope that the League will divest itself of its more spectacular features and become a purely humdrum and useful body is probably to expect too much. When it does transform itself, if it ever does, it will be time for the United States to think about joining it; and, by that time, joining will be purely a formal matter, for in most cases America and Americans will be participating fully in its activities.

Mr. Bok has already achieved what he purposed in offering this award. At a comparatively small cost, he has achieved one of the greatest of feats in publicity. He has resuscitated by advertising an issue which most people had supposed to be beyond resuscitation. While he was advertising, we wish he had chosen to

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advertise, not peace, but justice, for the dove of peace is a shy bird that is averse to publicity and nests only where justice prevails.

George Borrow

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

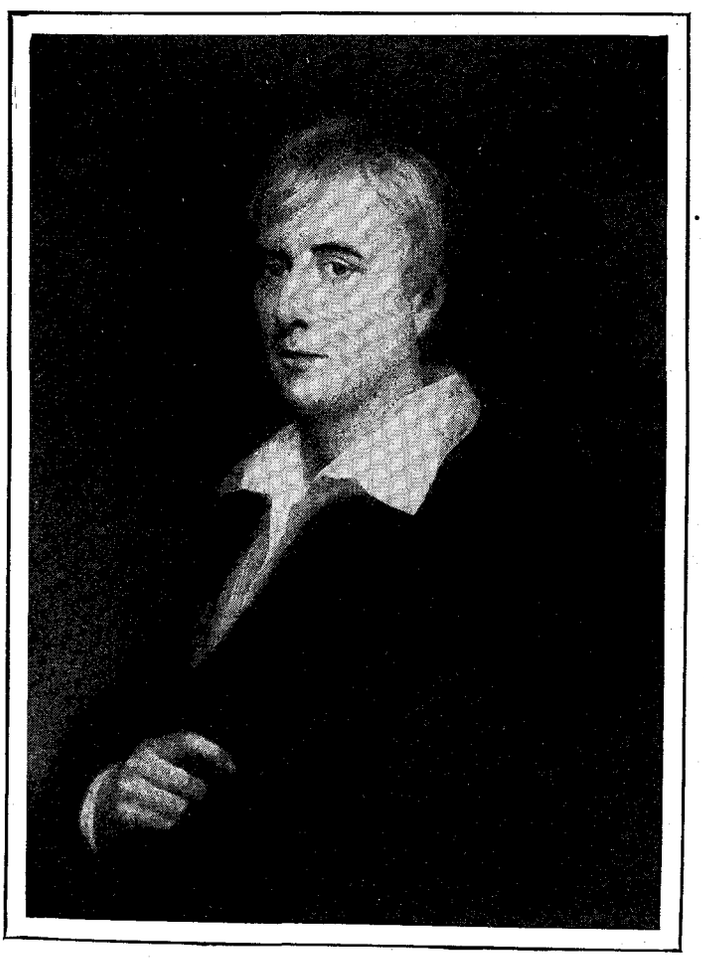
I MADE the acquaintance of George Borrow thirty-one years ago last August—to be exact, on August 29, 1892, having been introduced to him on that memorable day by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell, of the Inner Temple, London. The introduction was not made in person, of course, because Borrow died in 1881 and I never saw Augustine Birrell in the flesh, although he is one of the contemporary English men of letters whom I should most delight to have known. The introduction was made through the medium of Birrell's vivacious essay on George Borrow, which essay readers—a small tribe at any time and just now very much in eclipse—may find in the little volume entitled "Res Judicatæ," published by the Scribners in 1892. The date when I met Borrow is noted on the fly-leaf of this delightful little volume—delightful in format and in contents. This was the form of Mr. Birrell's introduction:

> The author of "Lavengro," "The Romany Rye," "The Bible in Spain," and "Wild Wales" is one of those kings of literature who never need to number their tribe. His personality will always secure him an attendant company, who, when he pipes, must dance. A queer company it is too, even as was the company he kept himself, composed as it is of saints and sinners, gentle and simple, master and man, mistresses and maids; of those who, learned in the tongues, have read everything else, and of those who have read nothing else and do not want to. People there are for whom Borrow's books play the same part as did horses and dogs for the gentleman in the tall white hat whom David Copperfield met on the top of the Canterbury coach. " 'Orses and dorgs," said that gentleman, "is some men's fancy. They are wittles and drink to me, lodging, wife and children, reading, writing and 'rithmatic, snuff, tobacker and sleep."

Is it any wonder that after such an encomium I was eager to know more of Borrow and find out for myself whether he deserved such praise from a man like Augustine Birrell, who numbered among his special friends in books such persons as Samuel Richardson, Edward Gibbon, William Cowper, Cardinal Newman, Matthew Arnold, William Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb? I began by reading "The Bible in Spain," of which I now have two or three different editions. It was not the first book Borrow wrote, but it was the best one, although there are those who think that his Gypsy novels, "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," alone entitle him to a high place in the list of English literary geniuses. At all events, "The Bible in Spain" was the book that made Borrow famous and is the one I should advise to be read first by those who are curious to know why there is a joyous company of lovers of literary adventure who call themselves Borrovians.

George Borrow's impresario, if I may use that term, in England is Clement Shorter, the editor of the very beautifully printed definitive edition of Borrow's works which is now being published in sixteen volumes under the imprint of Constable & Co. in London and Gabriel Wells in New York. But the definitive biography is that written by the late Professor William I. Knapp, of Yale University. The edition of "The Bible in Spain" which I personally prefer is one in two volumes issued a little more than twenty years ago in New York by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, because it contains a map of Borrow's extraordinary journeys through Spain afoot and on horseback nearly a hundred years ago.

Entirely apart from his literary achievements, George Borrow was one of the oddest geniuses that England has ever produced. He was born in the County of Norfolk in 1803, his father being an enlisted private soldier who later obtained a commission, and his mother the daughter of a tenant farmer. His boyhood was a wandering one as his soldier-father moved from post to post and barracks to barracks. But he went to school, and as he had an inborn genius for language he studied Latin, perhaps some Greek, but especially the Romance languages, French, Spanish, and Italian. When he was sixteen years old he was articled as a clerk to a law firm in Norwich, but as he gave more time and attention to the study of languages—of which he fairly well mastered seven, besides becoming more or less familiar with seven more—than he did to the law, he



George Borrow

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soon abandoned his legal employment, or, rather, his legal employers soon abandoned him.

At twenty-one years of age he went up to London and became a hack writer for various publishers, in this respect serving an apprenticeship like the great Dr. Johnson. During this apprentice period he wandered about England, sharing the life and studying the habits and customs of the Gypsies. Borrow's knowledge of out-of-the-way languages and dialects somehow or other attracted the attention of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and when he was about thirty years old that pious company sent him to Russia to prepare, print, and distribute an edition of the New Testament in the Manchu-Tartar dialect. In theology he was always a somewhat bigoted Protestant, but in practice, although perfectly sound and wholesome in his principles and conduct, he was a good deal of a man of the world, enjoying human life and human nature in all its aspects. There is a perfectly splendid and Homeric description of a prize fight in "Lavengro"—an apostrophe to the "bruisers of England," of which Augustine Birrell has this to say:

> If one were in search of a single epithet most properly descriptive of Borrow's effect upon his reader, perhaps it would best be found in the word "contagious." . . . Mark his devastations. It is as bad as the pestilence. A gentle lady, bred among the Quakers, a hater of physical force, with eyes brimful of mercy, was lately heard to say, in heightened tones, at a dinner table, where the subject of momentary conversation was a late prize fight: "Oh! pity was it that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them." "Amongst whom?" inquired her immediate neighbor. "Amongst the bruisers of England," was the terrific rejoinder. Deep were her blushes—and yet how easy to forgive her! The gentle lady spoke as one does in dreams; for you must know she was born a Borrovian, and only that afternoon had read for the first time the famous twenty-fifth chapter of "Lavengro."

It seems ungracious to call attention to a slight error in Mr. Birrell's relation of this captivating anecdote, for Borrow pays his tribute to the "bruisers of England" not in the twenty-fifth but in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Gypsy tale which is believed by many to be almost an autobiography. However, this is not important. The main thing is to remember the contagion of Borrow's stern but picturesque ethics. A great American moralist, Theodore Roosevelt, took the title for one of his most spiritual-minded books, "Fear God and Take Your Own Part," from a passage in the same Gypsy tale describing a fight which Borrow had with the "Flaming Tinman."

In spite of the vividness, vigor, and unprecedented originality of "Lavengro" and "The Romany Rye," I still think that "The Bible in Spain" is a finer piece of literature, taken as a whole, than any other of Borrow's books. When he returned from Russia, the Bible Society sent him to Spain and Portugal for the purpose of printing and distributing the Bible in those countries. In them he spent the better part of five years, making four journeys throughout the peninsula, from north to south and from east to west. His book is not at all a religious treatise, as to the uninitiated the title might indicate, but is an absorbing story of his adventures. It might even be called a kind of glorified dime novel founded on fact. Moreover, it is one of the best books of travel printed in any language. No one can read it without wanting to visit Spain himself, and that is one of the best tests of the literary value of travelers' tales. It was published in 1842, and has grown steadily since then in both public and critical estimation.

Borrow was a "character." His genius was whimsical, untrained, and often erratic, but it was true genius nevertheless. If the publication of the complete edition of his works,[1] which is the occasion of this article, adds to the number of Borrovians, as it deserves to and doubtless will, it will perform a real service in the promotion of a love of what is fine and genuine, although too little known in English literature—like John Galt's "Annals of a Parish," for example.

[1] The Works of George Borrow. Edited, with much hitherto Unpublished Manuscript, by Clement Shorter. Norwich Edition. Constable & Co., London; Gabriel Wells, New York.

The British Navy Rediscovered

By Major-General Sir George Aston, K.C.B.

THERE is a danger in headlines. Far be it from me to take any credit to myself for the rediscovery of their navy by the British press and public. It has been brought about by a welcome return to sanity, by what has been called the "strategic sense" of the people, and also by three events—the Premiers' Conference, the Naval Assembly at Spithead, and the start of the battle-cruisers and light cruisers on their trip around the world. The Premiers' Conference has attracted public attention ever since last August. It has been pointed out, in connection with the Singapore question, that, important as it is, naval bases in themselves can do nothing to protect sea communications. That task must be performed by seagoing forces, which, on their part, are powerless without bases for replenishment and repair. I had an opportunity on board the Princess Margaret during the recent review at Spithead of discussing that matter with an eminent statesman from overseas. He summed up the matter thus: It stands to reason that if other nations have capital ships in the Pacific we must also be in a position to send ours there. Without a base at Singapore we could not do so. If other people agree to have no capital ships in those seas, we might dispense with the Singapore base. I ventured to point out in reply that it is not only a question of capital ships. It is true that for other vessels a much cheaper scheme would suffice, as the huge docks to take large battleships with the new "bulges," which add so much to their beam, could be dispensed with. He had, I suggested, missed the point that the conditions of our sea power had changed completely. Ever since steam had been substituted for sails we have been in the fortunate position of possessing the best steam coal in the world. The change to oil fuel means that we are dependent upon foreign countries for the motive power of our sea forces. Call this "sea power on sufferance," or what you will, it means that unless we provide storage for vast quantities of oil fuel for the navy we might almost as well have no navy at all. If war came upon us, it would soon find our war-vessels of all classes lying helpless in harbor, leaving our vital sea communications at the mercy of an enemy better provided. If stored only at home, the oil fuel would be of little value to vessels destined to operate afar off—in the Pacific, for instance. They would use up most of it in getting there. Apart altogether from

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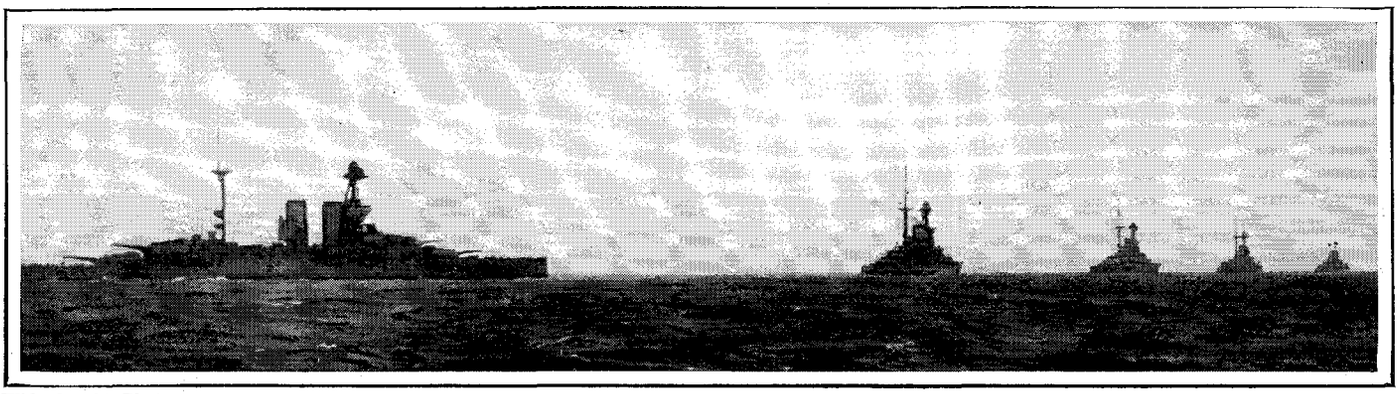

Wide World Photos

British Battleships in Line at the Spithead Naval Maneuvers

the capital-ship question, then, a base for light cruisers, destroyers, submarines, and so on would be required at Singapore, if only because of the need to keep, and to protect, an adequate reserve of oil fuel, without which they would be useless. They could not move.

Then again, by whom are the lighter forces (whether capital ships are required or not) to be provided? In the sixties of the last century we used to keep British regular troops in considerable numbers in what were then the "colonies." We also paid for colonial forces for purposes of local defense. Cardwell, who, like Lord Haldane, was much abused in his time, and whose statesmanship is only now being understood, withdrew numbers of these British troops and stopped the subsidies, which came out of the pocket of the British taxpayer. The result was that the dependent colonies of those days undertook the responsibility for their own local defense, and developed thereby a spirit of nationality and pride therein which led to their becoming the nations of the Commonwealth and to their affixing their names to the peace treaties which followed the victory that they did so much to win.

The present First Lord of the Admiralty, Mr. Amery, has done in the naval sphere what Cardwell did in the military. He has stated in a public speech that this small island in the Atlantic can no longer sustain practically the whole burden of sea defense in distant seas. We now await the result of his important pronouncement, and I do not think that it is going too far to assume that the self-governing nations will gradually relieve the British taxpayer of a due proportion of his overwhelming burden. The process is not likely to be hurried. It was not until last year (1922), over half a century after Cardwell's time, that the last of the garrison of British troops left South Africa. An official pronouncement on the part which the Dominions are prepared to bear in naval defense may be expected shortly.

The Naval Assembly at Spithead was of great interest and of some educational value. The last that I had previously witnessed took place in July, 1914. Comparing the two, the most conspicuous feature was the smallness of the 1923 fleet, compared with that of 1914. These things, however, are relative. The 1914 fleet was our safeguard against the menace of the German navy, and its mission has since been brilliantly fulfilled. Of the 66 capital ships now maintained by the principal sea Powers, 40 are British or American (the total tonnage being about equal, but the number of British exceeding the number of American), and from this we can take heart. We must, however, bear in mind that the proportion in other classes of vessel to certain foreign countries (excluding America) is somewhat disquieting. We should hear all about that when the navy estimates are published, and there is little doubt, now that the navy is coming more before the public and its vital importance to us is remembered, that there will be overwhelming public support for any building programme which the sea lords pronounce to be vital to our security.

Another interesting point about the Naval Assembly at Spithead was the presence of the Argus, aircraft carrier. A flight of an airplane from her deck, and its return thereto, was included in the programme. It was abandoned, on account of a six-knot breeze which hardly caused the larger vessels to move at all. This was the subject of much comment. It may be that conditions in the upper atmosphere were more stormy, or there may have been other reasons. The impression conveyed to the Prime Ministers and others present was that the airmen's claim to dominate even the narrow seas was much exaggerated in the present stage of development. A further impression was that there is much to be said for the Admiralty contention that it is essential to the navy to have its own air service, partly in order that types of aircraft which could fly under such weather conditions may be developed for the important auxiliary services which the seaman asks of the sea airman, and partly so that the flag officer who controls the fleet shall also control the personnel performing these auxiliary services.

This brings us to the third of our headings, the world tour of the cruisers. One of the features of the Naval Assembly most universally admired was the great battle-cruiser Hood with her graceful lines and artistically disposed masses (you can run a hundred-yard race on her flush upper deck, and there is plenty of space beyond that, on the quarterdeck, or whatever the new navy calls it, which is on a lower level). She went out as flagship, flying the flag of Rear-Admiral Sir Frederick Field, late Controller of the Navy. The Repulse is the other battle-cruiser. With them went Rear-Admiral Sir Hubert Brand's five light cruisers—Delhi, Dauntless, Dragon, Dunedin, and Danae. Admiral Brand was in the Fleet Flagship, on the staff in the Grand Fleet in the war. The tale of the light cruisers in the North Sea has yet to be told. It is an epic of adventure. The two squadrons left Devonport on November 27 for San Francisco via Sierra Leone, Cape Town, Durban, East African ports, Trincomalee, Singapore, Australian and New Zealand ports, Fiji, Honolulu, and Vancouver. At San Francisco they part company on July 7, the battle-cruisers coming home via the Panama Canal, Jamaica, and Halifax; the light cruisers via Valparaiso, the Magellan Straits, Buenos Aires, Montevideo, and Rio de Janeiro, having encircled the globe.

The Admiralty in 1912 told the Canadian Government that the British people still had the power to spare capital ships, and to send them round to the distant seas. This is the first time since that date that such a squadron has left these shores in time of peace for so comprehensive a cruise. The ships' companies will spend much of the British taxpayer's money in the ports of the self-governing nations—in South Africa, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in Canada. They will also have a great time, and they will be overwhelmed with hospitality. Let us hope that the sight of them will increase the sea spirit in the distant

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nations who have developed in security under the protection of the White Ensign, and that the time will not be far distant when we welcome large numbers of Canadian, Australian, New Zealand, and South African seamen in the harbors of the home country. The navy and its vital importance to our well-being has been rediscovered in these islands. Let us hope that it will soon be rediscovered, and strengthened, by the whole Empire and Commonwealth.

What Kind of Government will England Have?

Editorial Correspondence from England

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

In this article The Outlook's editorial correspondent in Europe pictures the conditions in England and the consequence of the unexpected rise of the party which, as he says, has for its supreme object "the suppression of capitalism"

Fiscal Issues

"EV'Y day in ev'y way I get worser 'n' worser." So, in indignant rejoinder to M. Coué's formula, remarked a little London lad I know.

As it considers its present plight, the remark might have been made by the British Government itself.

There are some two million more people in this country than before the war; the annual increase is about four hundred thousand. There are one and a quarter million people entirely out of work.

How can they get it?

"Give us protection," demands the Conservative party; "not ultra-protection, as in America, but just enough to ease the situation by adequately increasing the volume of work." On this issue a large majority of Liberal and Labor votes defeated the Conservatives, both Liberals and Laborites being alarmed by the fear of higher prices through protection.

"Keep free trade," declare the Liberals and Laborites. "Relief cannot be found by taxing imports, and thus adding to their cost, but only by reducing the costs of production and finding world markets for our manufactures."

But how can you reduce costs of production? Lord Inchcape, Chairman of the great Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, said at the company's annual meeting the other day that the remedy was in the hands of the trades unions.

> If they would stand aside with their rules and regulations as to minimum rates of wages, restricted hours of labor, and limited output, and give economic conditions free play, I believe the costs of production would come down and world markets would be found for an increased output of our manufactured goods which, at present prices, are difficult to sell. The number of wage-earners would thereby be increased and real wages would not be reduced, for the effect of increased employment should be to lower the cost of living and increase the purchasing power of money. To earn twenty shillings which will buy only ten shillings' worth of goods at prewar value is of no advantage to anybody. . . . It is consummate folly to keep up nominal wages, shorten hours, and restrict production when to do so costs fifty million [pounds] a year in the shape of a dole to a million idle people. And remember, a large proportion of this dole comes out of the public exchequer, and . . . is, in effect, a tax on the workers.

Labor's comment is that, under pretense of reducing cost of production, British employers had forced from Labor a thousand million pounds a year.

Moral Issues

Not on a fiscal issue alone were the Conservatives defeated in the recent election, but also because in their government of England they had neglected some moral issues. The other parties were quick to grasp this advantage to them. It gained for them thousands of votes, chiefly those of women. Since the election Lady Astor herself, though a Conservative Member of Parliament, has said:

> The Conservative Conference turned down my proposal that boys and girls between fourteen and sixteen, who could not get work, should be given training and discipline. A year ago the same Conference tried to shout me down when I advocated housing. In Parliament a main attack on bills to keep juveniles out of public houses, or to protect young girls, or to give women equal rights of guardianship over their children, or to appoint women police, has come from Conservative M.P.'s—unsupported, it is true, by their leaders, but also unchecked and unreproved by them.

Lord Haldane, perhaps the most remarkable addition to the ranks of Labor, has this to say:

> The new party is no mere embodiment of demands for capital levies and the nationalization of certain classes of undertaking. These things are but ripples on the surface. Their real signification is to be looked for in the concluding words of the manifesto of November 17 with which Labor entered the election contest. That manifesto ended with an "appeal to all citizens to make a generous and courageous stand for right and justice, to believe in the possibility of building up a sane and ordered society, to oppose the squalid materialism that dominates the world to-day, and to hold out their hands in friendship and good will to the struggling people everywhere, who want only freedom, security, and a happier life."

With apostolic fervor, therefore, men and women cast their votes for representatives pledged, not only to meet unemployment by starting national housing, land reclamation, road and waterway construction (the present Government has done something in that direction), and forest planting; to wipe out the "breakfast-table taxes," namely, on tea, coffee, cocoa, sugar (England has a little tariff, after all!), making up the deficit thus caused by raising the inheritance and super taxes; but, and in especial, to institute new and thoroughgoing social reforms.

The Labor-Socialists

The voters for this programme represented nearly the entire Labor electorate. The Conservative and Liberal programme, on the other hand, brought out only from one-half to four-fifths of the whole vote—a lack also due to the less

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superior organizing ability of Conservative and Liberal managers.

The Labor Party also had the advantage of a leader more popular among his own people than were the Conservative and Liberal leaders among theirs. Ramsay Macdonald is a Scotsman and Highlander, a man of education, refinement, and tact.

He has been well supported by such effective people as Arthur Henderson, Minister in the Inner War Council of the late Coalition Cabinet during the war; J. R. Clynes, Minister of Food in that Cabinet; and J. H. Thomas, the well-known railway worker. These men represent the old trades-union element. On the Socialist side there are such well-informed persons as Philip Snowden and Sidney Webb.

But the Labor Party has its troubles, just the same. Its Socialism is now weighted down by Communism. Its leaders were relieved, therefore, by the defeat of the nine Communists who ran as Labor candidates.

Labor is also weighted down by its extreme proposals, such as that of a capital levy, for instance. Mr. Winston Churchill thus disposes of this Socialist whimsy: "You have heard of the Chinese who burned their house so as to have roast pig." In the opinion of the great majority here, a capital levy would ruin British credit. It certainly would drive half the foreign capital out of England. It is one of the steps towards the Socialist goal—the collective ownership by the state of what it terms the capitalistic system of private enterprise. It would apply this not only to land, mines, transportation—as, indeed, it may be applied in part—but it would socialize all means of production and distribution.

For generations the governing political party here has been, now Conservative, now Liberal. To-day there is a new political force, numbering thirty-one per cent of the House of Commons. Its rise dates thirty-odd years back, when the Parliamentary Committee of the Trades Union Congress decided that Labor's only means of being effectively heard was to create its own party to voice its own policies in the House of Commons. It began as a Trades Union Party. Later its fusion with the Independent Labor Party brought in the Socialist element. And now Socialism—that is to say, the suppression of capitalism—is the supreme object of the Labor Party.

In 1896 Keir Hardie predicted that the year 1953 would witness Socialism's definite triumph in England. But the year 1923, thirty years earlier, brought England startlingly nearer the fulfillment of that forecast. And this, even though Socialism has been rejected by an enormous majority of Conservative and Liberal votes, a total far greater than the Liberal-Labor majority that rejected protection.

Election Results

A pea-soup atmosphere pervades these isles. It seems to have thickened the voters' mental processes, for the election results surprised them all.

The Conservatives expected a setback, but not such a setback. They did not expect to be put out of business.

The Liberals, aware of free trade's tenacious hold among many Conservatives, expected to displace Labor as the chief Opposition group, but they underestimated Labor's increasing strength.

The Laborites expected to win some seats, but they really did not expect to win so many.

Two facts emerge from the election:

(1) Though she has had experience of the Irish Party and of the dissident Liberals, England has now definitely and emphatically come to the group system, the curse of every European Parliament, even though, for the nonce, the French seem freed from it.

(2) For the first time in English history, the dominant party no longer commands a majority over the combined Opposition; hence, Parliament can no longer carry out the dominant party's entire programme; there must be alliances and fusions and "deals."

Under these circumstances, Mr. Baldwin, the present Conservative Premier, had a choice between three courses:

(1) To resign at once, and, if the King asked his advice as to a successor, to suggest that the leader of the next largest party, Mr. Macdonald, be invited to form a new Government.

(2) To resign, and suggest that a Conservative commanding Liberal support or a Liberal commanding Conservative support be invited.

(3) Not to resign (there are historical precedents for immediate and for non-immediate resignation), but to wait until Parliament meets on January 8, 1924—it being really the duty of Parliament and not of the constituencies to dismiss the Government—and to carry on the Government until its programme is defeated in the House of Commons by a combined Liberal-Labor vote.

The Future Government

Who and what, then, will carry on his Majesty's Government? Some sort of fusion between two parties. What two?

Labor Conservative? Both ends against the middle? This is unnatural. and hence unlikely to succeed.

Labor Liberal? The Manchester "Guardian" declares: "The Liberals of the north are not afraid of co-operating with Labor for the purposes they hold in common." Then it naïvely queries: "What does it matter if theorists on the Labor side are still stumbling in the morass of the Marxian doctrine?" The Liberals are apparently more willing to fuse than are the Labor people, especially the 120 members of the former Independent Labor Party. They object to being held up by a Government in which, as they assert, "Labor will be in office and the Liberals will have the power." This unyielding attitude is of course entirely impracticable. The Socialist wing is angered because the Liberals will not fuse unless extreme measures are definitely shelved.

Conservative Liberal? On the meeting of Parliament—certainly when the Laborites break over the traces—a Conservative-Liebral fusion could defeat them. In this case a Liberal or a Conservative would be asked to form a Cabinet—not a Coalition Cabinet again, in the present popular temper, but one resting on a Conservative-Liberal agreement.

While extremists on both sides oppose even this, most Conservatives and Liberals see plainly that the ultimate issue is not between them, but between those who stand for fairly free private enterprise and those standing for an extreme Socialism which would not only hinder the legitimate adventure of capital but would menace the workers' livelihood. Mr. Macdonald himself declares that his party's task is now to move in such a way as to force the political issues into two camps.

For a considerable time to come, anyway, say the majority, the Conservative-Liberal camp will be the stronger. This camp could be led either by a Liberal or by a Conservative. As a possible Liberal Premier, the Conservatives regard Mr. Asquith with far greater favor than they do Mr. Lloyd George. If it comes to a Conservative Prime Minister again, and he could be taken from the House of Lords, the Liberals would look favorably upon the Earl of Balfour. Curiously enough, he was best man at Mr. Asquith's wedding. They have always been great friends. Bernard Shaw already dubs a possible future Premier "Balsquith."

London.

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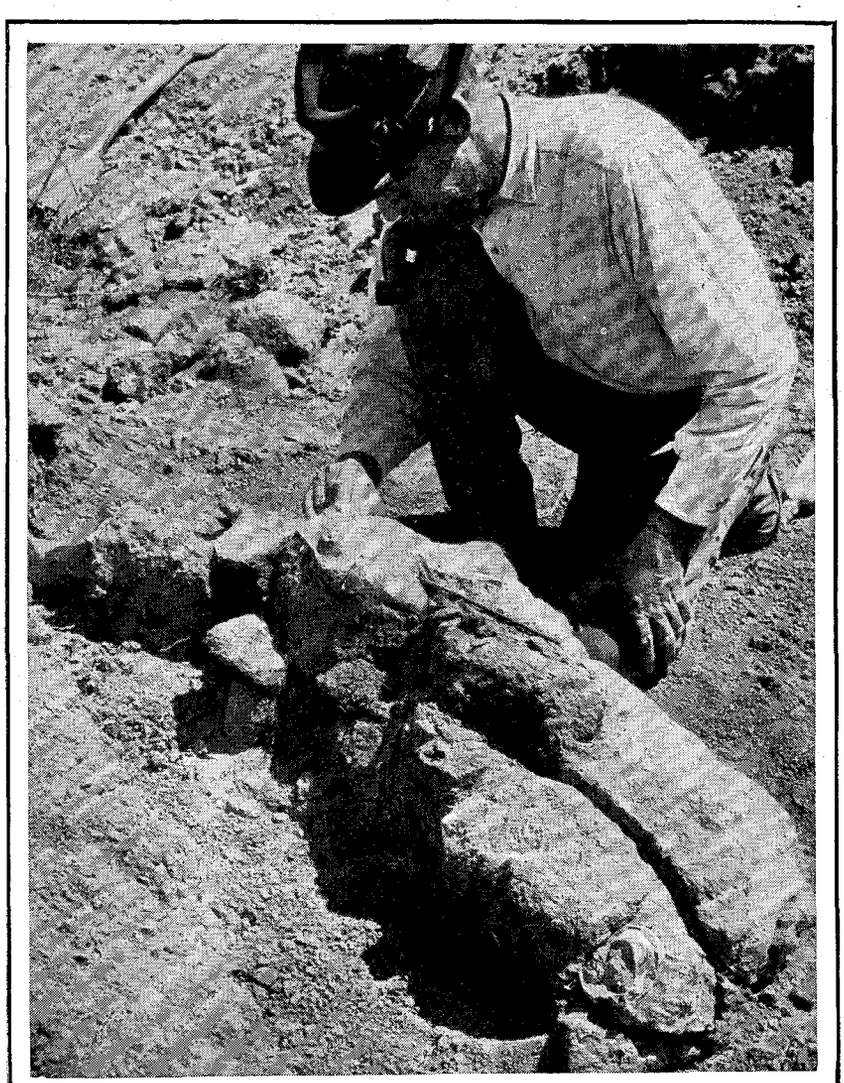
Travelers Down

Unearthing the Bones of a Prehistoric Monster in the Gobi Desert

Members of the third expedition of the American Museum of Natural History and "Asia" Magazine to Mongolia are here seen uncovering the skeleton of what may prove to be the ancestor type of the rhinoceros group. The backbone, ribs, and leg bones are partly exposed. The geological indications are said to show that the bones may be three million years old

Photographs copyright by the American Museum of Natural History and Asia Magazine



The Skull of the Largest Land Mammal

The picture shows Walter Granger, chief paleontologist of the expedition, preparing the skull of the Baluchitherium for shipment. This animal, a restoration of which appears opposite, dominated the ancient flood plain east of the Altai Mountains in Mongolia three million years ago

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the Seas of Time

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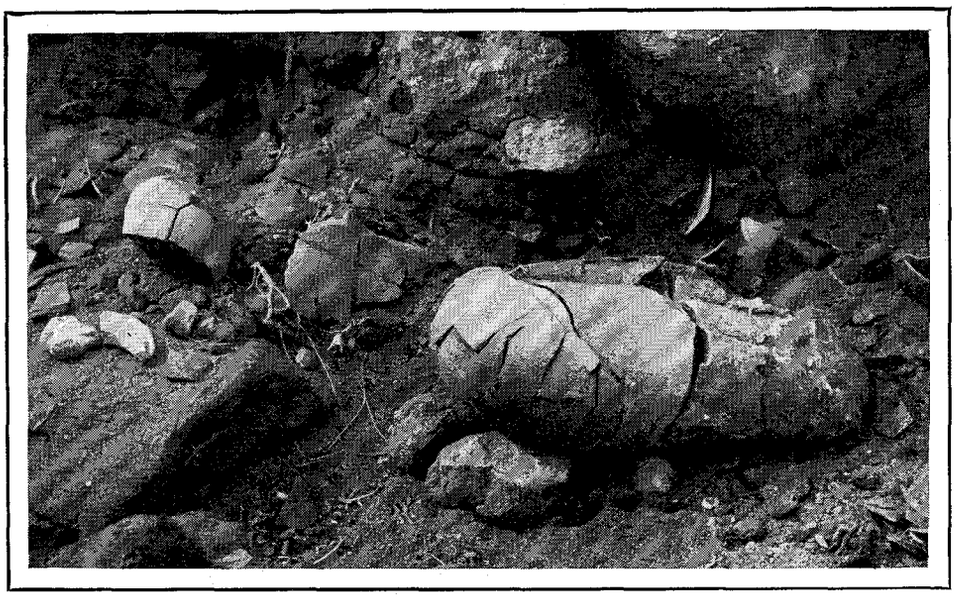
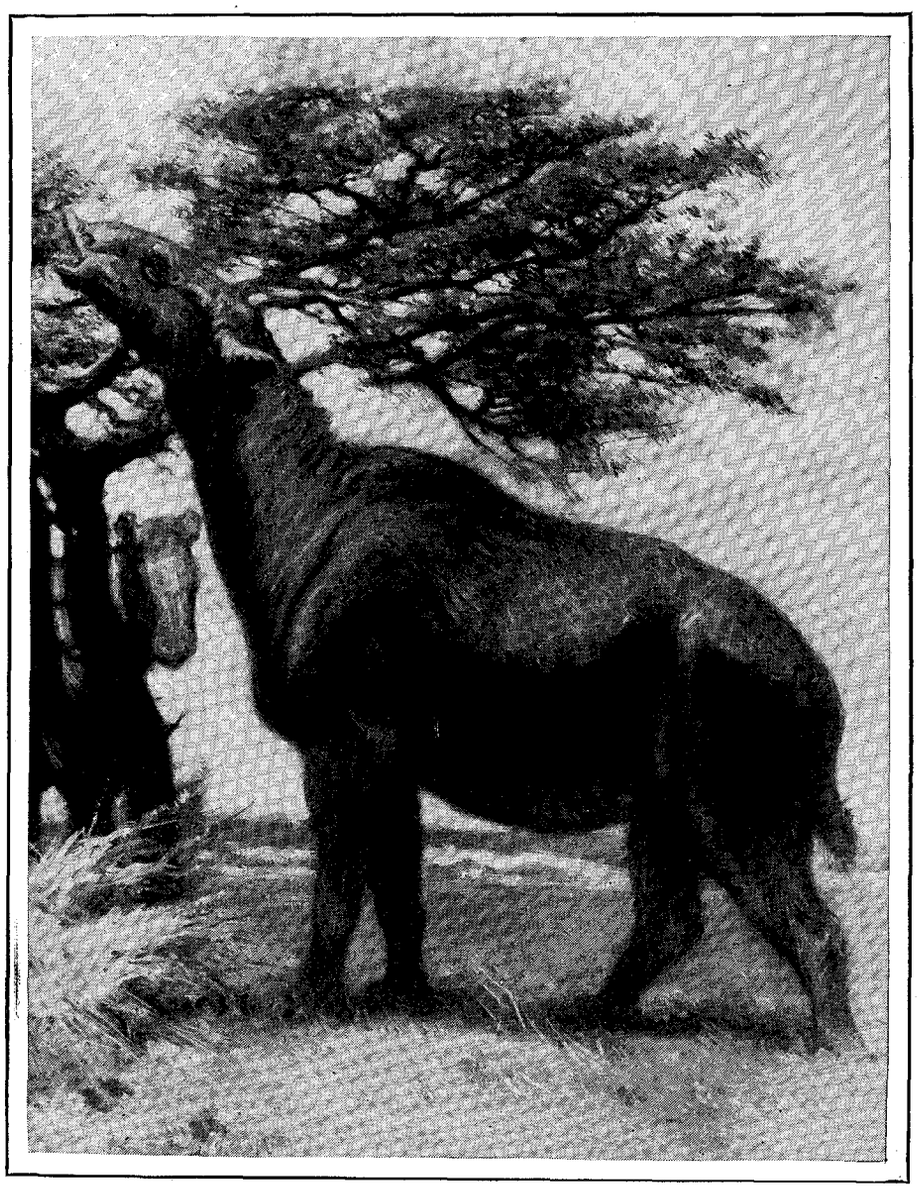


The Ten-Million-Year-Old Eggs of the Dinosaur

Here is one of the most spectacular discoveries in the history of fossil-hunting. The picture was taken exactly as the eggs were found. A few inches above the eggs lay the skeleton of a dinosaur of ancestral type



The Baluchitherium, the Largest Known Land Mammal

This restoration shows the great mammal feeding from the succulent tree-tops of his native habitat, his head towering to a height of eighteen feet, from a shoulder height of eight feet. His descendant, the modern rhinoceros, would just graze his stomach in walking under him. The picture is from an oil painting by Charles R. Knight, done under direction of the Museum authorities

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When the Klan Rules

Invoking the Whirlwind

By STANLEY FROST

At what cost can the Klan attain its ends? That is the problem with which Stanley Frost is concerned in this, the fifth of a series of independent but related articles on the hooded organization which is casting its ominous shadow over American affairs

THERE are certain states of mind, shared by most men, which are so dangerous and devastating whenever they take possession of large groups that the most daring of leaders hesitates to invoke them. There are none more powerful to move men, none more easily aroused, but history always links them with storms of prejudice, discord, hatred, and strife. They are almost impossible to compromise and they can hardly be discussed without rancor, so by common consent as civilization has advanced they have been more and more pushed into the background of thought for the sake of peace and quiet.

The most dangerous of these spring from the ideas of exclusive and militant race, national, or religious unity. Each carries with it a record of bloodshed, terror, persecution, and unspeakable horror that staggers the mind.

Yet the Ku Klux Klan has gathered all three into one bundle, and is invoking the whirlwind—and hoping to control it—as the basis for its attempt to reform America.

This is, in fact, the really distinctive thing about the Klan. One may work for law enforcement, better education, better government, or any of the other reforms at which the Klan aims, through a myriad of other organizations. But in no other will one find the programme and the very form of the organization itself based on the exclusive Americanism of "native, white, Protestant" supremacy.

The Klan makes its position on this perfectly clear. It is one place where there is complete harmony between its formulas and its thought and practice. These ideas run through all its documents, acts, and speech; they are present, sometimes spoken and sometimes implied, in every discussion of the Klan by its leaders. They are the very soul of the movement.

A few quotations from official documents are enough:

"To maintain forever the God-given supremacy of the white race, . . . the devout impulse of an unconquered race."—*Proclamation of the Klan Constitution.*

"We avow the distinction between the races of man as decreed by the Creator, and we shall ever be true to the maintenance of White Supremacy and strenuously oppose any compromise thereof."—*Ku Klux Kreed.*

"The objects of this Order shall be to unite all white male persons, native-born Gentile citizens of the United States of America, who owe no allegiance of any nature or degree to any foreign government, nation, institution, sect, ruler, person or people, . . . to maintain forever white supremacy, . . . to conserve, protect, and maintain the distinctive institutions, rights, privileges, principles, traditions and ideals of a pure Americanism."—*Klan Constitution, Article II, Section 1.* Most of this is repeated in the provisions regarding membership.

Thus the Klan calls the devils from the vasty deep. And they have come. It is safe to say that to every man in the Klan these ideas *in some form* are a compelling motive. With many they are so refined as to take the shape of reasoned convictions; with most they are instinctive, with some savage. The reforms made by Dr. Evans have aimed to keep them under control, to handle them without hatred, to restrict the damage they may do, but they have not removed them. The Klan stands, and must stand till it dies, for "native, white, Protestant supremacy."

IN most discussion of the Klan all argument ends at this point, if it ever gets past the old talk of graft and night-riding. To Jews, Catholics, Negroes, aliens, and all the vast numbers whose sympathies are still with the alien elements in our population, there can hardly be further debate. The movement is, on its face, hostile to them.

For many others, especially of the sentimental liberal variety, this is also enough. They had fondly believed that such ideas were almost dead, and hate the Klan merely because it has upset their minds. With far higher types of mind the fact that the Klan is using dangerous ideas and is making trouble carries condemnation enough.

But this is not quite enough. Sound judgment, or even effective opposition, must go farther back than this. The careful thinker will note that in some degree the Klan is simply going beyond the rest of us in dealing with ideas which are already held widely without offense—the ideas that the country is suffering from too much unassimilated immigration and too much bloc action by racial and religious groups, and that attempts are being made to destroy the fundamental ideas of Americanism. He will remember, too, that, in spite of all the devastation and horror they have caused, many of the greatest forward movements of the world have been driven and carried by just these ideas. He will find sound judgment complicated.

To the average Klansman, however, it is perfectly simple. With him these ideas are instinctive, and he trusts them. If you point out that they are dangerous, he will reply that Christ declared he did not come to bring peace to the world, but a sword. He considers that this ends the argument.

The Klan leaders in their defense go far back of this point; so far back that their attitude becomes one, not of defense, but of attack. They deny that hatred or injustice are involved in the lines they draw. On the other hand, they charge that, while Protestant natives have been liberal and have ignored race and religious lines, the members of other races and sects who have been allowed to share America's opportunities have held those lines tight, have gained political, social, and economic power for the groups thus formed, and have taken advantage of American good nature to use that power against American natives and against the American tradition. In short, the Klan pleads both self-defense and extreme provocation.

Before taking up this plea in detail it is worth stopping a moment to look at the background of thought in the minds of "native, white, Protestant" Americans to which this attitude of the Klan appeals so powerfully and with such astounding success. In it are certain ideas which

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are so deep-rooted that they are actually instincts, subconscious and emotional. It contains prejudice, but also patriotism, aspiration as well as fear, idealism, hatreds, devotion, bitterness, and self-sacrifice all jumbled together in an almost unknowable mass. Usually, and perhaps wisely, it is complacently ignored, but now that the door has been opened it must be understood so far as possible if the Klan itself, its power and its danger, are to be either understood or successfully combated.

It is in this background of thought and feeling that the real strength of the Klan lies; in it one must seek to learn how powerful it may become and how long it may last. It is there, too, and on the weighing of each of the many different elements involved, that the ultimate vindication or condemnation of the whole Klan movement will be found. And, finally, it is there—and only there—that it can be fought, for the Klan idea *does* fit into this background, as its very success proves.

It is far beyond the scope of these articles to go into the infinitely delicate questions of fact, feeling, and instinct on which this background is based. That would involve all history, all philosophy, and all psychology, at the very least. For the present purpose it is enough to point out in general terms the elements of the situation which are involved, and a few facts about it. May I ask the reader to remember that in doing this I am merely reporting what I have found, without either approving or condemning and with a full realization that my own observations in so involved a subject can be no more than suggestive?

It must be recognized, first, that this background is there, however inarticulate it usually is. Ignoring it can only lead to misjudgment; denial of the real facts or ridicule of it makes it worse; suppression of the steam it generates will increase the ultimate explosion. In the second place, it is not all prejudice; much sincere thought and some very real grievances are involved. In the third place, there is a great difference in the emphasis placed on the different elements involved by different individuals; it must not be supposed that the whole of this half-subconscious feeling is equally effective with each man.

Its largest single element is undoubtedly race prejudice—or race pride, or race instinct, as you prefer. It takes all forms, from the tradition of Nordic supremacy to the raw prejudice and contemptuous cruelty of the lowest toughs. It is the seamy side of the pride, self-confidence, and aggressiveness which have carried the race so far. It judges all other races as being lower in exact proportion as they differ from the Anglo-Saxon mixture which has become American, and it shows itself in pity or contempt, according to the nature of each man. It produces lynchings and sincere belief in "the white man's burden" from the same box.

With the average run of Americans it is fairly expressed in the old army song:

He may be a brother of William H. Taft's,
But he ain't no friend of mine.

It is often very curious, for I have seen a man who was ruthless and brutal in his treatment of people who were not "white" respond finely to the appeal to "act like a white man." It is so deep that it is continually breaking out in queer and unconscious ways, even in the very people who talk most of universal brotherhood. And, finally, it will not grow weaker in a country which uses "white" as an adjective of supreme praise for a man or an action.

Along with this goes national prejudice—or patriotism. This is based, not only on a self-protective instinct, but also on a feeling that the country belongs by some right to the sons of the men who built it, and that newcomers should act as if they were here on sufferance. It runs against other breeds of the same race in the same manner, though with less force, than the race instinct runs against other races. It has in it more of fear, but still much contempt; it includes a real pride in American achievements, a belief in American thought and ways, a jealousy of encroachment. It is of course much more than an instinct, for it is fostered by our whole educational system, and by the eloquence even of those who are trying to undermine it.

Both these instincts have been considerably badgered in America recently, and are accordingly irritated. They react sharply against the alien who expresses his open contempt of American ways, who disregards them to his own profit, who makes himself too much at home in scoffing at American traditions, thought, or feeling, or who, finally, undertakes to tell Americans how they ought to be or think or act. The justice of his criticism has nothing to do with the case; the average American is willing to be kind to him, but discounts all he may say, on the ground that he is both self-interested and ignorant; also because he is exceeding his privileges. If the alien by any shift gets strength to put his ideas into effect, the American gets warmer.

A final extreme irritant is the fact that so many speakers and editors consider anything American fair game for gibes or criticism, from mannerisms of speech or food to the Puritan conscience or the tradition of Southern chivalry. Americans can grin and bear it when alien-minded people make a byword of "Americanism," but Americans do resent it when these same detached elements shriek "persecution" and "prejudice" at any criticism of non-American people or thought.

The third of these instinctive hostilities is religious; specifically, against the Roman Catholic Church, since the resentment against the Jew is far more racial than religious. The anti-Catholic feeling is based on the memories of three hundred years of war and persecution, on the belief that the Roman Church would if it dared, and will if it ever does dare, renew both its persecution and its claim to political power, and the further belief that the Church does control the votes of most of its communicants. My own observations lead me to believe that this feeling does not run so strongly against the Church itself as against the Knights of Columbus, who are considered the body through which the Church expects to regain political power, and through which it now applies political pressure.

It is hardly possible to exaggerate the strength of this feeling through the evangelical populations of the Middle West and South. Men there may not be very good Protestants, but they are vigorously anti-Catholic. There is real fear in them. I know intelligent men, well educated, apparently sane in every other way, who were "brought up to believe"—and are not yet emotionally convinced to the contrary—that the day will come when they or their sons will have to fight with weapons in hand as their forefathers did to escape Papal rule. The stories of guns buried under the churches are details; the fact is that they have a settled conviction that the Roman hierarchy still aims at world rule.

It is easy to condemn all these feelings. They are as unlovely as may well be; as unlovely as a mail shirt or a battle-ax. But their owners remember that they have often served very similar purposes, and are not yet ready to throw them away.

There are other elements in this background, however, which are based more on reason and wholly modern conditions. These need barely be mentioned: the evils from failure to assimilate recent immigration, the hyphenism which the war disclosed, the increasing tendency of newcomers to unite against the Americans instead of trying to assimilate themselves, the increasing political solidity of

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alien elements, and the growing submergence of the native American stock.

These things are disturbing the most thoughtful men and women to-day. They are floundering, looking for cures. Their thought is followed, in cruder form, by millions. And to these millions the Klan offers a solution of these particular and very real difficulties, as well as a vehicle for prejudice. Many of the men who oppose it because they believe its methods dangerous or ineffective or both nevertheless admit sympathy with its aims and have told me they believed the movement could not be stopped except by curing these evils or by the discovery of some better method of fighting them.

There is one more factor which is helping the Klan campaign. This is the widespread dissatisfaction among the farmers and moderately well-to-do, especially the native Americans. Things are not going well with them in other ways than economically. They are seeing their children forced into occupations they detest, their schools are invaded by teachers they distrust; their Sabbaths are violated, their laws broken almost with impunity, and they themselves are driven to meet competition and methods they dislike heartily and to which they cannot easily adjust themselves. In other words, they are being forced to "change their ways."

They do not like it, no matter if the new ways are better. They do not like to have aliens pass them in prosperity, whether this is due to their own faults or to the alien's use of methods or a standard of living which the Americans consider beneath them. Add to this the race, national, and religious prejudices, and it is very easy for them to blame everything to the alien in race or religion. It is very easy to believe, too, that the alien is responsible for corruption in the cities, in business, and in politics.

THIS, in general terms, is the background to which the Klan idea of native, white, Protestant supremacy appeals. These are the forces which it aims to gather together—which it actually is gathering together—for use in American political and social life. So the great charge, the most serious charge, against the Klan is this—that it aims to use these forces by favoring native Protestants above all others, by discriminating against Jews, Catholics, and Negroes merely because they are such, and that in this way it is dividing the nation, cultivating hatred, establishing inequality as an habitual thing, and thus running flatly against the very structure of the democracy which it is supposed to protect.

This accusation cannot be better expressed than by quoting from a recent speech of Senator Underwood's:

"Under the ideals adopted by the fathers it [the American spirit] means that there shall be no discrimination against any citizen because of his belief. It does not mean that we will not drive a man from the street because he is of foreign birth, but that when he is adopted into the fold of American citizenship he stands on his own feet, the peer of any other citizen. These are the principles of this country. Tear them down and you tear the flag down with them."

One more thing should perhaps be said about the background of American thought in reference to this matter of principles. The Klan denies that Underwood states the case correctly—denies that a man is entitled to be treated as an American unless he acts like one. But, aside from this, the appeal "on principle" will have almost no influence on the kind of average citizens to whom the Klan appeals. The American breed is, when all is said and done, a rather lawless one in emergencies. It is sentimental. It is also practical. Its slogans and to a large extent its principles have been adopted because they were useful. It is a historical fact that it has never applied those slogans or principles when they caused much inconvenience. Equality, freedom, free speech, even legal safeguards, have been thrown overboard time and again—and the jettisoning justified satisfactorily—when they failed to produce the results wanted.

It is safe to assume that the same thing may happen again in similar circumstances, and that if the irritation becomes sufficient the natives will use any means that seem likely to relieve it, letting theories and principles go hang till some more convenient season. This means that the only effective way to check the Klan movement is to go back into the prejudices—or instincts—on which it depends, and to show either that they are wrong in themselves or—what would be easier though far from easy—to show that they are not needed just now.

This eminently practical attitude is expressed very clearly in the reply Dr. Evans, the Imperial Wizard, made when I put these charges to him. His answer also disclosed another attitude, the curious assumption that people coming to America expect to become, or at any rate are to be expected to become, assimilated to traditional Americanism, instead of trying to change America to their own taste. It ignores the fact that every other race, nationality, or religion has traditions as instinctive as is the American, and that they cannot possibly check these traditions at Ellis Island, even if they wished to.

THE Klan answer to all this is simple and direct.

"No matter what your intentions are," I had told Dr. Evans, "the fact is that the Klan is not bringing love and brotherhood into the country. It is causing sharper divisions, and, instead of breaking up the alien groups, is driving them together."

"Quite likely," he responded. "The Klan is standing in the way of the selfish interests and purposes of these groups, and naturally they are increasing their efforts. They were having things pretty much their own way before, and didn't have to work very hard to get what they wanted. The Klan merely acts according to the facts. The whole country recognizes that there are millions of un-American citizens, that they are not being assimilated, and that many of them cannot be assimilated. Every publication and public man has been talking about it for years. Every one admits that the security of the country is in danger. But no one does anything.

"The Klan does do something. It sets up, in the first place, a standard of Americanism. If we find it is wrong, we can change it—at any rate, there it is. We invite every man or woman (except Negroes, who are a special case) to meet that standard, and they all could do it. We propose means to help them meet it. We propose means to keep the evil from growing worse. And we propose also that people who do not meet it shall have full liberty, but that they shall not be given a chance to corrupt and destroy our Government and institutions.

"It is our Christian duty to love our enemies, but not to let them destroy us. It is also our Christian duty to fight evil, and no sensible man will deny that unassimilated and unpatriotic elements in our population are an evil and a tremendous one."

"But has not the Klan gathered much strength by appealing to distinctly anti-social race and religious prejudices?" I demanded.

"That is one of the evils we are trying to correct," he replied. "The Klan to-day does not cultivate nor deal in hatred nor division between races or religions. It specifically declines any applicant who wishes to join for that reason if his intentions are learned. The most that can be said is that it recognizes the distinctions as to race and religious distinctions which actually exist.

"Many other organizations have specific restrictions on membership, and the

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restrictions in the Klan naturally draw the inference of your question. I believe that many people have joined this movement from unworthy motives, because such an institution will seem to them to give opportunity for gratification of selfish purposes. But no institution can protect itself against such people until their motives are made clear by action. One of the remarkable things about the Klan is the ability and thoroughness with which it cleanses itself from within."

"But does not the Klan, by drawing these distinctions, tend to solidify these classes, and therefore to prevent Americanizing them, and thus defeat its own aims?" I insisted.

"The Klan is opposed to class distinction of any kind or to political action or social action on any other basis than that of pure Americanism," he declared. "However, the fact is that these classes exist and are active politically, socially, and economically as groups and classes. This is recognized by every politician. Americans, so long as they are unorganized, are helpless before the attacks and demands of these groups. So long as they remain it is necessary for the protection of America that Americans themselves appear and act together. In the long run the doctrine of love, Americanism, and awakened consciousness will draw these classes into assimilation and away from the false ideas that cause these barriers."

WITHOUT disparaging Dr. Evans's oratory, it seemed to me that the most effective answer to the criticisms of the Klan's exclusive membership, and the race and religious distinctions it draws, came from a well-known artist.

"Rot!" he said when the criticisms were made. "I wouldn't be allowed to join the Knights of Columbus or the B'nai B'rith. Why in Hades should their members object if I join an order that bars them out?"

"But the Klan is a political body, with very definite aims," I objected. "Those others aren't."

"More rot!" he exploded. "You don't believe that yourself. If they haven't got definite aims and aren't in politics, then I'm a Chinaman."

These, then, seem to be the important facts about the Klan's "campaign of hate." It does, beyond question, appeal to deep, powerful, explosive race and religious instincts and prejudices—ideas which are hideously dangerous or heroically valuable, according to how they are put in motion. It does also attempt to offer a solution for the grave National problems which race and religion produce, which are so sensitive that they are usually ignored, but which are causing deep concern to all thinking Americans. It does, officially at least, attempt to solve those problems without using the prejudice and hatred which are the almost inevitable result of bringing those questions into the open. And it is in just this field that it finds its greatest strength and presents the gravest danger.

How well it is succeeding in using patriotism and religious devotion without prejudice and fanaticism will be discussed in the next article: "The Business of 'Kluxing.'" This and the succeeding articles will take up various aspects of the actual operation of the Klan, as distinct from the inherent characteristics and the purposes and ideals of its leaders which have been discussed so far.

So This Is the Steerage?

By FULLERTON WALDO

Fullerton Waldo made a round trip with the stream of migration. His story of America's alien-born in their home countries and of would-be Americans on their journey to their promised land will be told in later issues of The Outlook

FROM the stern I look toward the sunset over a long trail of foaming green and white, where the four propellers of the mighty ship throw the Atlantic behind us to make 25.25 knots an hour, or nearly 27 miles. The sole missing part in the vast complex of the machine from stem to stern is the steerage. I have been looking for it everywhere in vain.

I miss the stanchion rows of old to which two-legged herds were driven, the straw, the clutter, and the vermin. Here we are carefully sorted and packed, not as fowls in a crate, but as human beings. Vague tales have filtered through of hanging gardens of Babylon in the midst of the boat, of a sumptuous assembly-hall with rugs and paintings and Circassian walnut wainscoting, of a stately restaurant quite abreast of anything Park Avenue can show, of florists and tobacconists, of tea-room and Pompeian swimming-pool, of apartments renting for $5,000 for a single trip. But these things concern us as distantly as wonder tales told by Scheherezade. What matters is the meaning of the legend "Third Class" over the doorways here at the stern and what we get for our money while we are going back to the old country to see how mother is and swagger to people there about rich and free America. To our sheer amazement, instead of huddled, stenchful dormitories we have rooms—and some of us are alone in them. We may take baths, if we have formed the habit, in majestic isolation. In the rooms are mattresses stuffed conscientiously by the contractor, the floor is carpeted, the pillows conduce to slumber, there is water, there are soap and towels. There is electric light and—last refinement—there is a coat-rack hanging from the curtain-pole. White paint has felt the scrubbing-brush whenever port was made, and if the understeward cut the corners the chief steward was after him as a lynx goes for a rabbit.

In the public rooms we may smoke, or loll, or play checkers in green-leather chairs under drop-lights, write letters home on mission furniture, dine off white tablecloths with two or three sets of silver and ice-cream every day. The appetizing food is free from those weird sea changes in the cooking which so discourage the timid, pallid traveler. Those who wait on the table are swift, punctilious, polite, with little expectation of big fees. We have a brass band of stewards that plays "Yes, We Have No Bananas," we have a barber-shop and steamer chairs, and the day's run is posted in the lobby. So where is the "hell-box" steerage of yester-year, the ancient malodorous horror that the name calls up, of decks strewn like a battlefield, of puking, slobbering junk-heaps resembling the stuff left over after a rummage sale, frowzy heads scarcely to be

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told apart from lousy clothing, filth and misery piled as for a bonfire—which seemed the only feasible disposal of such squalor and such rags?

To be sure, some of us, "once aboard the lugger" and past the chill, appraising eye of the inspector, have discarded collar and tie, and come to the table blithely with our coats off. But the general aspect as we survey ourselves is clean, neat, dignified. Outward bound, we mean to show Europe we have clothes, and money in our pockets, and shoes on our feet; and if we do not put on coats and ties and collars now, it is that we are saving them for Main Street in Vilna, Kiev, Budapest, Prague, or some other place where the dirge was sung above rubles, marks, or crowns and welcome is on the mat, spelled very large, for the Almighty Dollar. But—let this be understood—we did not close the door behind us when we left America; we burned no bridges and we cut no life-lines. As soon as we have seen how mother is and shown the color of money that has a buying power, we shall return to the shores we left, where more money is to be made and there are romances still unwritten for merchant princes yet unborn. Most of us had the mother-wit to be naturalized as citizens as soon as it could be; and closer than porous plasters these adhere to us, the precious documents that prove we are Star-Spangled, simon-pure Americans.

We know on which side of the Atlantic our bread is buttered; and where a man's family is, with his other "hostages to fortune," you may be sure he will hustle back when he has made the rounds of the old familiar faces and left on each a look half envy, half despair.

When I got on board, the first trunk I bumped into shrieked at me like the side of a freight car:

JAN SYWARDS
WILS-DEMBLIN
P. VICTOZ CHOWITZ
STACYA TARNOW
MALO-POLSKA
POLAND

and the second in letters just as big exclaimed:

JAN KULPA
BORSZCZOW
WOLKOWCE
MALO-POLSKA
POLAND

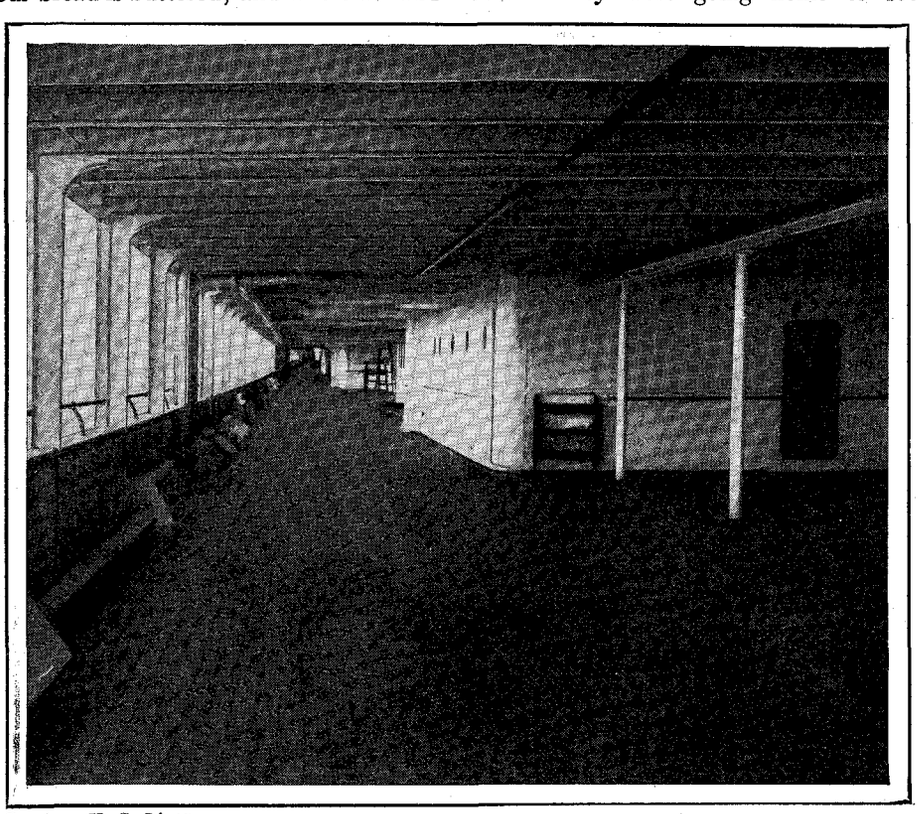
So both owners were on their way to little Poland, the first to live on Victoria Chowitz Boulevard in a city of 35,000, the second to be a great man in a village of about 3,000. Amid the crash of consonants no wonder that on the second day a notice was posted bristling with the names of Poles whom the distracted baggage-master wished to see. I assumed that the Poles had made their pile in America rapidly and were going back to spend it gradually, with Poland's credit at the hour of sailing about fifty times as good as Germany's. Nothing of the sort. They were going home to see mother, look round, and chin with the neighbors. One man, if he liked it, might stay; but even the mood of this man, who said he was a personal friend of Paderewski, was the subjunctive mood. Paderewski could play the piano, he said, and would not play for less than $5,000, but, having played the piano all his life, he was not qualified to be Prime Minister. The Pole is independent, not merely of friendship, but of blood relationship, when he has a political opinion to express.

Restless as a leopard close to feeding hour at the Zoo was a young French-speaking clerk from Switzerland who had been four months in New York and now didn't mind letting the New World know that the Old was good enough for him. New York got on his nerves. There was too much noise and there were too many people. Life there was a fitful fever. But it was not the *chalets* and the *ranz des vaches* of Switzerland that he wanted. It was Paris. Of a different blend was the Swiss farmer who sat next me at the table. He had a farm of a few hectares on a hillslope near Lausanne. He had two stalwart sons, aged twenty-two and twenty-five, to help him run the farm and take the milk into the city where the painted pigeons waddle about in front of the Church of St. Francis—"just as they do in front of St. Mark's at Venice," he told me, a little proud of the comparison both for Lausanne's sake and his own.

A pink-faced, white-haired stalwart, I thought, might be going home to England. Yes, he was, but not to stay. He wanted to see his mother, and whenever he discovered another man who was going home to see his mother he would come to tell me of it. In a few hours he made seven such discoveries. I got to his leeward, and encouraged him to talk. Born in England, he fought all over the shop in the British army—in the Zulu War, in Burma, in India. For the last fourteen years he has been a florist in Cheyenne, Wyoming. From dawn to dark he rooted picturesquely for Cheyenne and the Rotarians and the Order of the Eastern Star.

"I was in the Third Nebraska Regiment under Colonel William Jennings Bryan," he told me. "I admire him as a man, a father, a husband, a law-abiding citizen, and a conversationalist. But he was the poorest soldier I ever saw. He wasn't a disciplinarian, not by a long way.

"When the war broke out, Bill Hoshaw was shavin' me. Somebody who came in says: 'Diplomatic relations severed.' I says: 'Hurry up, Bill, 'n' get that towel off my neck. I gotta get outa here



Courtesy U. S. Lines

"Third-class passengers are given many of the spacious comforts of a gentleman's yacht"

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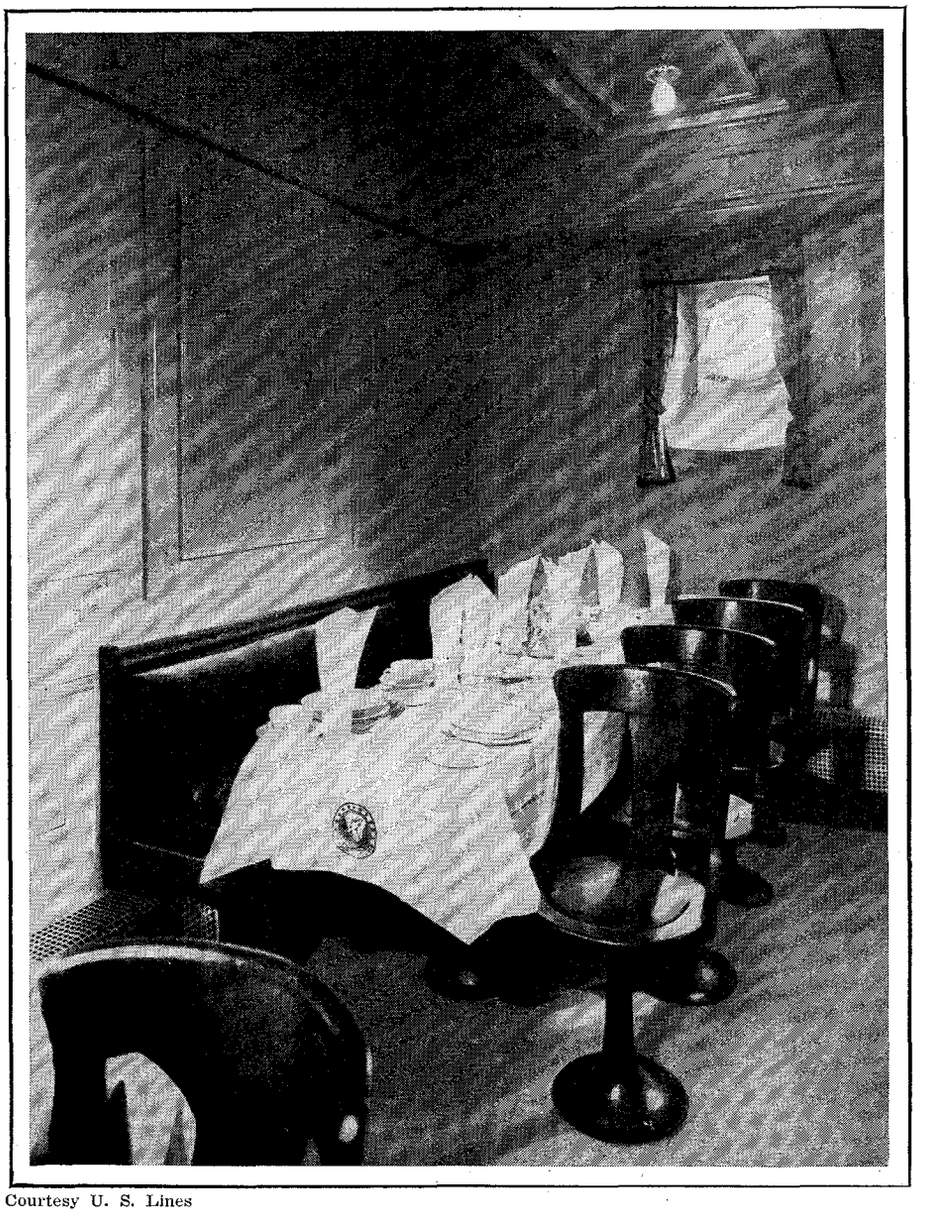
DRURY COLLEGE LIBRARY
Springfield, Missouri

and get into this fight. Lemme up so's I can get to the telegraph.' I wired Senator Warren. He's eighty-three. Only man in both houses that was in the Civil War. I wired the President. He was a pretty busy man just then. I wired our other Senator, Senator Kendrick. I wired Representative Mondell. I wired Frank Barrow, the correspondent and publicity man at Washington. Went to see Secretary Baker; Senator Kendrick took me to him. 'Understand,' he says, 'Secretary Baker's a very busy man.' 'All I want is just two minutes,' I says. 'I just wanta know from him if this age limit stands.' We got to his secretary. I guess there were fifty men in the anteroom twirlin' their silk hats in their hands. Guess they'd come to get their sons off. They were perspirin' and worryin'. I was comin' to get on, not off. We got in to the secretary. 'Mr. Secretary,' I says, 'is it true that the age limit is fifty years?' 'Yes,' he said. 'That's all I want to know,' I says, an' starts for the door. 'Hol' on,' he says; 'a man that don't wanta talk to me is the man I wanta talk to. Sit down,' he says. 'Senator Warren told me about you. You're an old fighter. You're the kind of man we want.' He kept me twenty-two minutes. Then we went in to see General Mills. 'Sorry,' says the General; 'if we were to let down the bars on age for him, there'd be ten thousand others before nightfall askin' it. It can't be done.' So that was how, after all the other wars, I didn't get into the World War. But I tried."



Courtesy U. S. Lines

"We dine off white tablecloths with two or three sets of silver, and ice cream every day"

The Syrian gentleman with the water-pipe somewhat mystified the Nordic races among us. The bland sun and the Mediterranean blue of ocean brought him out on deck with his paraphernalia. He spread a soft new prayer-rug of brilliant aniline dyes, with a blue piano at one end, set out the hookah like the caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland," wrapped a Syrian newspaper round the lambent flame, and musefully devoted himself half to the inhalation of the tobacco, half to the absorption of the teachings of the Prophet. It seemed to take so little to transport him to his own blue-haze dream world of the imagination. He could not have achieved a more complete detachment had he been in the back of a shop on Washington Street, New York, or in his lesser Syria on a Lebanon slope of the Levant. So an old Turk dreams in a mosque of Stamboul, letting the modern world of chaffer and palaver and traffic police drop clean away from him as a stone drops to the bottom of a well. Page after page he turned of the sacred writing, never looking up except to heaven, never breathing except of the delicate aroma of the weed filtered through a gentle gurgle of bubbles. Strange it seems to go to sea with the limitless salt fresh air to breathe and prefer to draw each breath from a tobacco-tinctured bottle. How different are tastes as shown by the way men smoke!

The Rumanian, with his fierce mustachios, is declaiming to an admiring audience of three gas-toothed old women, brown, silent, plain as bean-bags. They accept all he says as law and gospel, and it takes both hands as well as an emphatic head to say it. If they interpose a mild quaver of comment, even when they agree, it provokes a magnificence of scorn and incredulity, purely stage-play affectation. The language comes out round the stem of the pipe, even as the salt water spurts and hisses in at the end of the boat where a shaft joins a propeller. The pipe is curved, French-horn-wise, all the way down to the bowl, which is crowned if you could detach it; it would serve as king or queen for elaborate chessmen. The Rumanian gentleman, seen full in the face, has too four-square a visage, but the profile is distinguished in a piratical way, and a hat-brim down-tilted at the proper rakish angle is the last note of swaggering defiance. Of any other notes he knows nothing. He looked opaque when I spoke of Georges Enesco and Franz Kneisel as great figures in the musical art of his land. Shops, vineyards, even oil-wells would have been within his scope; he sat at times with a little book computing profits and losses not less eagerly than a Chinese laundryman with an abacus; to him it was evidently the sport that others found in the smoking-room at poker or checkers.

Between Rumania and Syria, to and fro, the children were playing unregarded. They were good children; not too noisy or violent or cryful. When I started a game of tag with some of them, the mother of one was afraid that his

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new sweater, green and purple, would be torn, and snatched him out of the destructive pastime.

"My wife and I have no children," said a high-pitched plumber from Youngstown, Ohio, looking on. "Sometimes when I hear the other children and see them with their fathers and mothers, it 'most breaks my heart. We've thought of adopting a kid outa the orphan asylum. But somebody told the wife that if you took a child that way, not knowing the mother and father, it might turn out bad. So she gave up the idea. Sometimes, lately, she's been thinkin' we might take one six months old. I may be able to persuade her into that yet. I couldn't get her to come with me on this trip. She's afraid of a boat. She couldn't sleep a wink between Detroit and Buffalo because she didn't see other boats around. We went from New York to Coney Island once, and she didn't make a fuss. But that was different. There were other boats round you if you began to go down."

When you find third-class passengers given many of the spacious comforts, and even the minor elegances, of a gentleman's yacht, you ask yourself whether the effect is not educative and Americanizing, and the answer must be in the affirmative. For instance, the long gray curtains hanging by the berths are of excellent material, and your cabin steward tells you he has to watch them carefully or the women would purloin them for making dresses. But there the curtains are, and, seeing how nice they look under the frosted incandescent lamp, one feels sure that sooner or later something distinctly imitative may be found hanging in certain homes of contented settlers in America. Even those mortals most callous to dirt, most impervious to the suggestion of soap and water, cannot be utterly unaffected by the sight of the steward day after day patiently sweeping under a bunk or shaking out a rug or painting the baseboards along a narrow corridor. He polishes the woodwork and the brasswork; he renews the linen; he folds the fat gray blankets and supplies clean towels without favor of persons and with little to expect in the way of an addition to his wages by the gift of his poor clients. The whole apparatus of cleanliness is here provided; it is the fault of the voyagers if it is not used.

I asked my bathroom steward, "Am I the only one taking a morning tub regularly?" To which he made reply: "I think you're about the only regular, sir, but there's several others takes a bath when the mood strikes 'em."

When the poor folk of cities are given opportunities of cleanliness, the simile is generally used of the pig who has always been kept in a filthy sty and has never known what it is to be clean. Perhaps if the sty were kept immaculate, we are told, the pig would become passionately addicted to a sanitary environment and would be fastidious to keep his hide spotless and his whole manner of living salubrious. The pig has never had a chance; we have given him a bad name, and said, as Scripture hath it, "He that is filthy, let him be filthy still." Is the immigrant like that? Does he love dirt and disorder so much that he will not change by continued application of the force of example? Of course there is a natural affinity between an illiterate indigence and mean surroundings. An immigrant brings to a steamship deck or a detention dormitory or eating-hall the same tendency to scatter rubbish, the same lack of feeling as to scenic beauty or the comfort of those who come after him, that he shows on a holiday in the park, when he strews the grass with boxes and bottles, string and paper. Or he is lavish with orange-peel, matches, and the stubs of almost unsmokable tobacco, and the litter begins, afloat or ashore, as soon as the alien and his clamorous brood appear. The deck that was spick and span may soon look like the aisles of a tourist sleeper in the morning.

But every time the steerage is mussed up and set in order again the lesson cannot be utterly lost. If the passenger does not go half-way to meet the company's concession of clean linen and silver and leather chairs and nice note-paper and flowered chintz curtains in the saloon windows, he must rise a little, even though subconsciously. Travel that is held to be a liberal education in so many other respects is a lesson in the amenities, in table manners, in the rule of courtesy, in place of the shouting and the snatching way of getting what one wants. It may be discouraging to have some things spoiled and some things stolen, but the majority are appreciative of what they get and respectful of property which is theirs only to use for a while and then transmit to the next traveler.

A great patriotic service is in the power of the steamship companies to render by this new and humaner dealing that gives the third-class passenger so many of the things that the people are getting decks and decks above him. Those who went down to the sea in the historic ships of the Cunard or Inman or Anchor lines many years ago cheerfully testify that what was the best then would not be up to the grade of the third cabin now on a vessel abreast of the times. Charles Dickens and Anthony Trollope, as pictures and text make vivid, would have reveled in the worst our day affords, as compared with the discomfort they endured. Seasickness was the rule then; it is the exception now. Lighting and plumbing were inexact and bungling sciences; witness the swinging oil lamps and the tin basins that were used. It was the tradition that to be at sea was to be thoroughly miserable; a voyage was an experience to be merely endured and not enjoyed—a tradition Dr. Johnson had accepted long before, when he preferred a jail to a ship, alike for comfort and for company.

So the steamship operators that are determined to do the handsome thing by the immigrant in giving him decent quarters may quote Clough's line, "Say not the struggle naught availeth," and feel that the effort is worth while, not merely from the point of view of profitable patronage attracted, but from that of patriotism and the duty to aid in the great work of making better citizens.

Aboard the Leviathan, Outward Bound.

AMERICANS who think we have an agricultural problem to deal with ought to watch Mexico if they wish to see what a real problem looks like. The best observation window through which to gaze that we have discovered in a long time is

Edward Corsi's

Agrarian Reform in Mexico

This article will appear in next week's issue of The Outlook

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Gifts

By DUBOSE HEYWARD

You could not give me toys in those bleak days;
So when my playmates proudly boasted theirs,
You caught me to the shelter of your arms
And taught me how to laugh away my tears.
Having no books, you sang a shining word
Into my open palm and closed it tight.
And some far God of Little Children heard,
And gave you of his best for my delight.
So when the neighbors' children shouted by,
Their hired nurse-maids herding them like sheep,
Then that old dauntless look of yours would leap,
And, leading me beneath the western skies,
You woke their mirrored glory in my eyes.
Then there were nights—do you remember still?
Forgetting playthings we could never buy,
We journeyed out beyond the farthest hill
Adventuring along the evening sky;
And you would teach the meaning of the stars.
Not the dull purpose vaguely guessed by sages,
And catalogued in musty study books;
But wild fantastic legends of lost ages
That none save their Creator ever knew,
And that he whispered only once to one
Frail lonely mother—and that mother—you.

Now autumn years go blowing swiftly by,
And I come empty-handed from my quest,
Save for a captured wraith of sunset sky,
A star or two, and last and loveliest,
The little shining word you gave to me;
Treasures no human hand may ever hold.
But you first knew their wonder and their worth:
You who have made me rich with more than gold.

Drink

And the Tyranny of Dogma

By JOHN JAY CHAPMAN

HERE is an article which will make prohibitionists fighting mad. If their anger is directed effectively against some of the abuses which arouse the ire of Mr. Chapman, this article will have served a good purpose. Obviously The Outlook disagrees with much of Mr. Chapman's argument, but this will not prevent some of our readers from stopping their subscriptions because we published this article. We hope that readers who contemplate departing in wrath—and Mr. Chapman too—will not overlook the article by Hermann Hagedorn which follows this. The title ought to please Mr. Chapman; the substance ought to please our readers.

ALL nations are being weighed in the balance every day, and perhaps we ought to rejoice when, as in our case, the weighing is done in the open with all eyes on the operation, and not in mysterious darkness. There used to be a story about an invalid over whose stomach a pane of glass had been inserted in such a way that the operations of digestion or indigestion could be observed. In America we have now a lens that is placed over the very spot where politics and morals meet, and the ferment can be studied.

Our general liquor situation may be likened to the situation which arises under a benevolent and very able tyranny. Such a tyranny is thought to be the most stable form of government in the world, for all classes are satisfied. The astute tyrant preserves such outward forms of popular government as he inherits from the past, and these he manipulates so as to play off the prevailing interests, material or spiritual, against one another, and keep himself in the saddle. Government becomes a well-understood and convenient sham. Mexico under Diaz furnished the most brilliant example of this system which modern times have to show; for Diaz was a man of enormous power and great political genius.

Two generations ago there seemed to be danger that some one of our State bosses might develop into a local tyrant of this kind; but the size and complexity of America forbade it. The isolation necessary for such an outcome could not be obtained in any State of the Union. Yet something of the sort seems to be in progress among us to-day on a National scale.

Let us observe that in the case of

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liquor three tremendous popular passions are at present satisfied: the passion of the prohibitionists for law, the passion of the drinking classes for drink, and the passion of the largest and best-organized smuggling trade that has ever existed for money. All of these interests are accommodating themselves to the present situation, and two of them are prepared to die in their tracks—the prohibitionists out of a dogmatic enthusiasm, and the smugglers out of frenzied greed—rather than submit to any change in the law.

The smugglers of course supply the prohibitionists with the sinews of war, and of course employ a large portion of their own plunder in corrupting both the Government agents and the philanthropic prohibition assistants who administer that law. The major passion of the great smuggling crew is turned upon expert corruption, and thus corruption becomes a necessary item in what is certainly one of the largest financial enterprises in the country.

It happens that this attack upon our civic morality comes on a point where we are not particularly strong in America—on the nerve of law enforcement. I will not waste the reader's time with many anecdotes that show how low we have sunk; but I will cite one example which struck me as peculiarly odious. It reminds one of Russian depravity or of meanness such as we might vaguely, perhaps unjustly, connect with Central America. A chemical manufacturer uses alcohol in his business. He buys it from a druggist of his acquaintance. The druggist tells the story: "A night or two ago a couple of enforcement agents dropped in to look over my stock. After an inspection they said, 'You seem to have about two bottles in excess of your legal maximum.' They appropriated a bottle apiece. There was a pause. 'Do you keep cigars?' Each takes a box. 'How about perfumes? I have an idea that my wife could use a bottle of, say, that Rose d'Arabie.' Each puts a bottle in his capacious greatcoat and exeunt." This druggist has no redress. Such is the United States to-day. If you place a legion of underlings in charge of collecting fines on their own evidence, they will sustain each other, and be apt to establish little centers of blackmail against which the citizen will be powerless, even if he has the time and energy to fight his case.

Let us look at all sides of the question. Let us admit that at present the tenement and the laboring man are getting the benefit of an alcohol famine, that the wives are satisfied, that the jails are comparatively empty, that the visible havoc in our civic virtue is to some extent balanced by a sobriety and happiness among the poor which the richer classes cannot see, and that, at any rate, some good is coming out of all this evil. Is the gain well bought by the sacrifice? If it turns out in this whole matter that the prohibition idea is engaged in dealing with human nature on a mistaken basis, the mistake will do harm in the end. If it be true that alcohol is not so great a poison as the prohibitionists suppose, then the error of treating it as a poison will somehow be punished. I cannot imagine that even the deepest convictions of America will change the ultimate equation between alcohol and the human stomach. We shall dash ourselves against the question till we come into subjection to that truth which is at the bottom of the matter.

Our relations to Europe are beginning to force a new view of the subject upon us. Let us imagine that all Americans were prohibitionists. A few of them would already be questioning our right to impose our views upon Europe. The deeper nature of the alcoholic question is being brought home to us. It would seem that the real idea which is being forced upon the American mind is the complexity of the universe. Prohibition is seen as a mere symptom of the American psychology. We are plain people and settle things with an ax. Matters which require thought are apt with us to be settled by blind religious impulse. Moreover, we are more interested in dogma than in conduct—and this is probably due to the theological leanings of our early colonists. We think it more important that the law should be right than that it should be observed. Our prohibitionists exult over the passage of the law more than they grieve over the infraction of it. The law, in their view, is our public obeisance to truth. Make that obeisance at least, reason they, and the rest will follow. One of the horrors of the time is the cynicism of our public men. Great officials, Cabinet officers, Senators, judges, Congressmen, drink openly and scorn reproof, while the prohibitionists, with an indifference that damns them, take no steps to bring their own apparent voting power against the hypocrites. The prohibitionists seem to be child-minded, but they are merely American-minded: they worship a phrase in a law.

You will note that in those of our States which have a uniform population oppressive legislation follows like clockwork. Certain of our Northwestern States have statutes already which forbid the teaching of religion except under a State license. This makes one wish to migrate and open a school in one of them. In Kansas (name of ominous import) men are to-day locked up for smoking cigarettes. Why should not coffee and pipe-smoking soon be added to the list? This law of ours which treats beer and light wines as poison is a bad law. Science, common sense, and human experience are against it. It must go.

The one hopeful sign of the times is the immense popular antagonism that has been aroused by the situation. If our people had submitted to the law and obeyed it, as, for example's sake, we may say that Germans would have done, it would have meant the end of free government on this continent. More sumptuary laws would have followed, and individual moral growth would have been crushed. The idea of a government-imposed morality has been evoked, and this seems to many of us a greater menace than the evils of alcohol. If one or the other of these perils is to be allowed to survive absolutely, I think the world-wise philosopher would risk the alcoholic peril.

One good result of the present chaos is, I think, certain to follow. We shall beware of putting any more hygienic laws into the Constitution. We shall distrust the ephemeral finalities of our own public opinion as we distrusted the wisdom of that League of Nations' Constitution which guaranteed the ever-shifting boundaries of the states of Europe. Let me give an example of a matter in which public opinion has entirely changed during the last thirty years: In the early nineties we were all for keeping children off the stage. Very rigid laws were enforced with every one's consent. Since then we have found out that nothing is better for children than to act; and of course one can never have great actors and actresses unless they have been trained in childhood. The evils connected with children's appearance on the stage have been met practically, and by means of supervision. No doubt this supervision has been made possible through the former outcry against the evils of child acting. But what if we had put our drastic views on the subject into the Constitution?

The whole fabric of our Government rests on the idea that voters may change their minds. I do not despair of the prohibitionists. I admit that I have never known one of them to change his (or her) mind. But you must remember that these veteran reformers who came to sudden and unexpected triumph during the Great War were the laboring oars of prohibition—prohibition which itself was but one phase of the great temperance movement that was in progress

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during the whole nineteenth century. They had fixed upon prohibition as the cure. Prohibition was for a long time a lost cause, a neglected and despised thing; and yet to the minds of these persons it had become the very corner-stone of social happiness, the panacea of the world. It is natural that such people should dance like bacchanals and shut their ears to reason. Have they not been borne to triumph through these very shoutings and proclamations? They do not even listen if you speak to them; they belong to the blind forces of the world. One ought not to blame them. They are in one sense worthy of reverence, but to reason with them is difficult. The cause of temperance was making splendid headway in the ranks of industry, in all business, and in social life at the epoch when the adoption of the prohibition panacea for a time at least destroyed temperance. But you cannot expect these old-line prohibitionists to understand such an outcome. We must look for help to their successors in the great cause of temperance, which is sure to survive all of our present troubles, for it belongs to the eternal part of human discipline.

There has been a great wave of uplift during the last half-century in which the poor, the laboring classes, the underworld, the lost and forgotten lower strata of the people, have seemed to be the most important elements of society. Reach these and you save the world, has been the feeling of every one. Neglect the richer classes, the higher learning, the intelligent minority. The latter will look after themselves very well. But lift up the ignorant and the poor.

We need not condemn this latest outcome of Christianity in America; but we must admit that it has led to a willingness to sacrifice intellect and education, a willingness to abandon the cultivated classes to their fate, which does not seem to be an essential part of the Christian religion and which is very plainly shown in the indifference of prohibitionists to the fate of all classes except the tenement house and labor. Very intelligent people say to me: "Ah, but you know it makes no difference in the long run whether all the college boys in America take to drink. But you must save labor." I do not believe this; nor do I believe that labor is ultimately to be saved by any process peculiarly different from the salvation of the richer classes. To-day the latter have taken madly to drink, and we are asked to take the word of a prohibitionist that this damage will not continue. I do not see why it should not continue. All of us have known for centuries that the way to protect boys against drink was to have wine on the table. Prohibition tends to make boys drink. It will tend to make labor drink; and if the bootleggers have not as yet had time to give drink to the laboring men, they will do it, for there will be money in it. Indeed, the process is going on already on a large scale in the manufacture of cheaper stills, which corresponds in a way to the bottle in the bedroom.

I imagine that with the passage of a few years some modification will be apt to occur in our doctrines as to the negligibility of the higher intellect, the better education of the richer classes in America. This is certain to occur as soon as people begin to weigh human life according to spiritual rather than material differences. The degradation of the upper classes will then be seen in its true light as a terrible blight upon the community, and the benefit of sumptuary laws even to the tenement and to labor will perhaps turn out to be largely illusory. There is no substitute for self-control in dealing either with the laborer or with the millionaire.

I wonder on which side the angels are fighting, whether on the side of the drys, who, by the way, are now in a position to give the country an intelligent liquor law if the Lord would but enlighten them, or on the side of the exasperated wets, who have common sense and science with them, yet are handicapped by the bad reputation of the bottle. The only thing one can be sure of is that a pause just now in the fight between fanaticism and common sense would mean a sinking into the slough of corruption and tyranny. We must therefore be glad that an odious and horrid situation shall continue to be odious and horrid. The strength of the protest that is now being made against the law does not lie in clubmen and bootleggers, but in the minority of right-minded citizens to whom the present state of the law is intolerable. That strength lies in the elemental erroneousness of the law itself.

"Prohibition's a Farce"

By Hermann Hagedorn

BLICKENBURG, Arizona! The name sets no taut wire to vibrating within me. But I am condemned by the deities who devise time-tables to spend thirty minutes there, and I make inquiries of the conductor. It is a mining town, I am informed; copper and gold. Much of a town? Well, that depends on what you're looking for.

A mining town. Saturday night. I find my hopes rising as the train draws slowly to a stop.

There is a light at the station, but no street-lamp beyond the thoroughfare which intervenes between the railway and Blickenburg. A few windows, dimly illuminated, indicate the line of houses which constitute the town. Faintly their uneven roofs are outlined against the starry north. Some stand detached, but the yards inclosing them are minute; with the desert stretching about them without limit, the inhabitants are chary of expansiveness.

The houses are small and low, and all but a half-dozen are dark. I ask for the post office. A passer-by indicates it, with a laugh. "Closed, I reckon. That dark buildin' there. Yo'll find a letter-slot if yo' look sharp." I find the slot after some searching.

Adjoining the post office I discover the Blickenburg Public Library and Reading Room—a frame one-room structure with a false front. It is dark; quite dark. I note regretfully that intellectual stimulation in Blickenburg is restricted to the hours of daylight.

I walk slowly along the street under the wide sun-shelter which gives the sidewalk the appearance of a continuous piazza. Three dark houses, and then the hotel. The windows are large and offer a full view of the interior. A long, narrow room; at the left, the bar—deserted; at the right a dozen men in varying attitudes of dejection sitting in round-backed chairs, reading newspapers, conversing languidly, smoking, yawning, stretching; a dingy desolation.

I move on. Once more, after an interval, lighted windows. A sign says "Candy and High Grade Ice-Cream." The candy is exhibited on the bar; boxes of cheap cigars are piled on the shelves behind, where once bright liquors gleamed in the lamplight. Two Mexicans

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are playing solitaire; beyond them a half-dozen other Mexicans are playing cards.

Three dark houses and then a barber-shop, the only adequately lighted room in Blickenburg; beyond the barber-shop, a third palace of riotous pleasure, where a number of Mexicans are playing pool with the solemnity and deliberation of octogenarians.

Quiet, deep quiet, inconceivably deep quiet. A group on the sidewalk is conversing. I linger near to hear what scandal they are helping on its way. They are discussing the timbering of mine drifts.

There is no sign of activity until, afar off, the train which is to take me westward makes itself heard. Standing by the hotel window, I note that one man, leaning against the wall, says something to another man, also leaning against the wall, and the second man expectorates, at long range hitting the stove.

Two men come out of the house which is marked "Billiards." Beyond that, quiet; profound quiet.

Saturday night.

Saturday night in a mining town.

A Visit to President Millerand

By RAYMOND RECOULY

ON a rainy and dismal evening I waited in a cold antechamber at the Elysée (no matter how well heated they may be, antechambers always deserve this epithet) to be admitted to the presence of the President of the Republic.

During the few minutes I waited two reminiscences of Mr. Millerand came to my mind—not of Millerand in repose, but, on the contrary, in full action.

I thought of a scene that took place in August, 1915, a few weeks before the great offensive in the Champagne district, at Pierry, a little village not far from Epernay, then the Headquarters of General Castelnau, who commanded the Armies of the Center. The Generals had met in council in order to draw up a definite plan for the offensive. Mr. Millerand, then Minister of War, presided, having come purposely from Paris with Buat, then a colonel. There were also present Pétain, Army Commander, to whom operations were intrusted; Humbert, whom I accompanied, commanding the next army which was to take part on the left wing in the battle. After a rapid *déjeuner* the chiefs set to work. Millerand listened attentively to them, one after the other, as he knows so well how to do; for, although he speaks wonderfully well, he instinctively prefers listening to speaking. He asked now and then for supplementary explanations, and summed up in two or three phrases the opinions which had been expressed. When every one had spoken, he concluded. This civilian—quite alone among military men—felt perfectly at ease in their midst. They understood him and he understood them.

When the council was over, while we rushed at a mad rate towards Nettancourt, our headquarters, Humbert gave me in a few words his opinion of Millerand. He said: "I have met a good many politicians. I do not know one other who inspires me with such confidence. He is a chief!"

The second scene took place during the summer of 1920, at the Spa Conference. Mr. Millerand, then President of the Council, had invited some people to *déjeuner* on July 14, in the magnificent villa hidden among gardens which housed the French delegation. Marshal Foch was there; a few minutes before I had seen him on the terrace, affectionately taking the arm of his old comrade, Marshal Wilson, saying, with a smile: "Well, *mon cher,* after having made war together, here we are to talk over coal!"—for all the discussions referred to coal. General Weygand, François Marsal (Minister of Finances), Le Trocquer (Minister of Public Works), Philippe Berthelot, and three or four guests were also present. At dessert Mr. Millerand arose; thickset, robust, in his steady voice he expressed in a few clear, comprehensive phrases the impressions which each of us had gathered. Those were the last days of a laborious conference, when, for the first time in the presence of Germans, the French and English theories and interests had clashed. Mr. Millerand defended ours as energetically and as eagerly as he could. Towards the end, rather than come to a rupture, he threw ballast overboard and compromised. Some people did not fail to blame him for this. They were wrong, very wrong; for at that time Lloyd George was all-powerful. Now, had we broken with England when Lloyd George had complete power, the rupture would have been final. It would have been disastrous to both countries. When the rupture did come, on our part it certainly had been too long delayed; it could have, and it ought to have, taken place one year earlier. It would then probably have involved the fall of Lloyd George, who had already lost prestige owing to his mistakes and the folly of his Russian and Oriental policy. But at that time, during the summer of 1920, there could have been no question of his downfall.

THE usher, wearing the chain of office round his neck, came to open the door. Following him, I crossed the two salons, where the officers attached to the Elysée stand, and then I was once more in the presence of the President. With his white, luxuriant, and very thick hair, his black bushy and bristly eyebrows, thick mustache, the relaxed face of a fighter in repose, the eyes sparkling behind glasses, short neck and square shoulders, I know few men who give such an impression of massive strength, of imperturbable calm, masterly authority, and *sang-froid.* This man of sixty-four, who has followed infallible rules of hygiene for a long time, over whom the years slip away without leaving any trace, looks as if he were sheltered from any fatigue and also from any agitation.

I spoke to him at once about his speech at Evreux and the profound sensation it had caused in the country. It may be said that there is no subject which he has more at heart. Adjusting his eye-glass, regarding his questioner right in the face, without any beating about the bush or precautions, he went straight to the heart of the question.

It would be unwise in the highest degree to repeat exactly what he said to me during the half-hour I spent with him. Some of his remarks, even the greater part, could be repeated without any inconvenience; certain others would have to be softened, while a small number of them ought to and will remain strictly confidential.

But there can be no harm done—on the contrary, it will be profitable—if we dwell upon the imperious reasons which have impelled the President to make this speech six months before the general elections. When he pronounced his opinions thus publicly, he did so deliberately, because he wished to spread among the public and propagate among the people—now while there is still time—certain ideas which should serve as a thesis or

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Photograph by Henri Manuel, Paris

President Millerand at his desk

as a basis for the coming electoral discussions.

What are the ideas on which the President insists? What is meant exactly by the "reform of the Constitution," which he advocates with so much frankness and courage?

Why does he estimate that this reform is absolutely necessary, and how, in his opinion, could it be put into operation? By going over his previous speeches, his public declarations at the time of his election, his message and interviews with all those who approached him, it will be easy to reply to these questions. Nothing could be more interesting or more useful than to reply to them at this moment.

MR. MILLERAND often says: "If it is my duty not to belong to any clique or party, I am still perfectly entitled to serve a policy."

He has always adhered to a policy mainly composed of Liberalism, if we take this word in its fullest sense. When, barely twenty-five years old, he presented himself at the General Council—this is a souvenir which he likes to recall—he boldly adopted the "Radical-Liberal" badge. It must be said that since then this badge has not encountered fortune of any kind. The two words protest against being coupled together. They were, in fact, divorced long ago in order that each one could follow its own road.

The point on which the President insists most energetically is the uselessness—much more than that, the danger—of recommencing the old quarrels regarding religion, disputes which no man of sense could wish to revive. He says:

"We are not going to return to our[1] painful scenes of the past. We really have something else to do for the moment."

[1] Literally, "to our vomit."

Any attempt to revive the quarrels concerning Church and State, to discuss once more (it would be absurd to do so) the question of our Embassy at the Vatican, would, I am quite sure, find in Mr. Millerand a vigorous and determined adversary. I may say, incidentally, that by this attitude he would render his country a great service.

Why does the President insist upon the necessity of revising the Constitution?

In his opinion, Ministerial instability is an evil—an extremely grave evil—from which our parliamentary system suffers. Any politician who has lived in Parliament (Mr. Millerand entered the Chamber some thirty-five years ago), provided he is as sincere as the President, could but corroborate this statement. There are indisputable drawbacks to this instability, the deplorable consequences of which are only too visible. Any continued action is rendered impossible, not only in policy, but, which is perhaps still worse, in administration. Now, for nations as for individuals, success is chiefly derived from perseverance, from continued efforts. If you ask any one who has succeeded brilliantly in life, taking at random the most varied professions, provided he is a clairvoyant observer and sincere, you will always receive the same answer.

It is true that some people may raise the objection that certain Ministries of the Third Republic lasted rather long—two or three years. The President would reply, without a moment's hesitation, that this argument is worth nothing, absolutely nothing. However solid it may appear to be, no Ministry is *sure* of lasting. Certainty regarding the morrow is absolutely forbidden to it, and it is just this uncertainty which forms the worst of the evils. How can Ministers settle down to serious and lasting work when they may be overthrown from one day to the other by no matter whom, for any reason, about the most futile question?

If we study carefully each of the Ministerial crises which have occurred under our present régime (unfortunately, there were very many of them), we will find that certain of them were caused by questions of policy and doctrine, but many by simple questions put forward by members. When a Ministry has lasted rather long, all members who aspire at replacing it—and they are legion—use all kinds of weapons to provoke the ardently desired fall. What do they risk? If they fail once or twice, they start again a third time. Sooner or later they succeed. That game is perfectly free from danger for them and cannot be profitless.

As President Millerand says, "At every throw one gains!"

If one does not gain at every throw, at least one is certain not to lose. Now it would be quite different if the would-be Ministerial candidates knew that by overthrowing the Cabinet they risked parliamentary dissolution and fresh elections. They and the entire Chamber would then hesitate before running such a risk. The fear of facing their electors—perhaps not being re-elected—would act as a beneficial brake and would doubtless calm those impatient and turbulent ambitions. The Ministry would be sure of remaining in power far longer. It would not have to dread daily

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ambushes and snares, laid by adversaries moved to do so only by the desire to belong to the next Ministry.

The President often points out that of all countries possessing a parliamentary system France is the only one in which a régime of this kind is in force; in which the executive powers appear to be absolutely disarmed before Parliament, are subjected to all its caprices, without any counter-weight, are sapped at the base—ephemeral, vacillating—consequently are without any real force and without authority.

In Switzerland the Federal Council has never been overthrown. In the United States the President is master. The Ministers are appointed by him. Parliament cannot do anything against him. In England any Ministerial change is almost always followed by dissolution.

Why is France the only country to practice a system with such evident drawbacks? The countries mentioned above are all as profoundly democratic as France. Real democracy has nothing to do with this affair. On the contrary, it demands in an absolute and imperious manner that the executive, legislative, and legal powers be clearly divided.

Now, owing to this weakness and collapse of executive power in France, for a long time Parliament has not ceased to usurp its privileges. Mr. Millerand insisted on this point very strongly in his famous Ba-ta-Clan speech, before the last elections.

"The evil has developed to such a point," he said, "that it seems absolutely legitimate and normal for a Deputy to control all the nominations in his constituency and for posts to be always filled by candidates of the representative of the constituency, according to his wishes. It is a detestable system. The responsibility of the executive power—which should, theoretically, choose and appoint—disappears fatally when, instead of having free choice, it is bound to ratify wishes that have been whispered, sometimes in the form of a hidden threat."

Mr. Millerand added: "Tyranny may be defined as the reunion of all powers under one and the same head, whether of man or of an Assembly."

All dictatorial power is detestable, whether wielded by a Parliament or by one man.

In order to find a remedy for this evil, it is absolutely necessary to strengthen the authority of the President of the Republic and of the Ministry in relation to the Parliament. At the present time the President of the Republic certainly possesses the power to dissolve Parliament. But this is a purely theoretical and delusive power, because the Chamber can be dissolved only by consent of the Senate; this makes any dissolution almost impossible—it has never even been attempted.

The Constitution of 1875 was built up soon after the fall of the Empire and the defeat due to its incapacity; therefore the men who legislated were still under the obsession of the nightmare of Cæsarism. They had an instinctive dread of a dictator's *coup d'état*. This fact explains their work.

To-day this fear no longer exists; their reasons have lost all their strength.

In order for a President to have some authority over the Chambers his mandate should not depend exclusively on them, as at present. When the time comes for electing the head of the state, a certain number of other electors, delegates of the General Councils, representatives of large associations—of masters, workmen, of intellectual or artistic workers—should and could be added to the National Assembly.

The constitutional reforms of which Mr. Millerand is the very ardent partisan consist of greater authority for the President, owing to his election and the power to dissolve Parliament: to be granted to him without any restrictions, but to be exercised only once, when he considered that a Ministry had been overthrown without any reason. Mr. Millerand would like (this was stated in his Ba-ta-Clan speech) the Senate to contain, in addition to the Senators elected under the present system, certain representatives of professional associations, of chambers of commerce, syndicates, of masters and men, rural and urban syndicates, the General Confederation of Labor, universities, academies.

"I am convinced," he said, "that if the corporate element entered therein, it would have the happiest effect on the working of public affairs."

He has had these ideas for a long time, and has great faith in them. In his Ba-ta-Clan speech he developed them fully, and stated them again when appointed President of the Council. On the eve of his election as President of the Republic, on September 21, 1920, in a note officially communicated to the press, he stated his programme manifesto:

"I defined," he said, "in my speech of November 7, 1919, the policy of social progress, order, work, and union which is characterized externally by the integral application of the Treaty of Versailles and the defense of the principles on which it is based, in accordance with our Allies; and internally by maintaining the organic laws of the Republic, the restoration and development of all our economic force, decentralization, and, at the proper time, the improvement of our constitutional laws, which experience has shown to be necessary."

The Deputies and Senators who voted for him, therefore, were very well aware of his intentions. Mr. Millerand has not been a traitor to them. He repeated these declarations in his message to Parliament. Why should people be astonished, therefore, because he wished to repeat them once more before the great electoral consultation, which will take place next year? The only people who can be surprised are those who do not know of his courage and loyalty—qualities of a man who is infinitely less inclined by nature to turn round an obstacle than to rush at it boldly.

The President of the Republic, in complete accord with the President of the Council, considered it was not only his right but his duty to draw the attention of future electors to the necessity for those essential reforms on which the future of our country so largely depends.

These words appear to have caused a certain emotion among the advanced elements of the Radical party, who have interpreted them to be a kind of challenge addressed to them, a rallying-cry to the national bloc. When the Evreux speech is read attentively, it is very quickly seen that this interpretation is absolutely abusive.

In the eyes of Mr. Millerand, this reform of the Constitution should be, and could be, carried out by the next Legislature in the calmest manner, without having to dread any disturbances, commotion, or still less an upheaval. This revision has been very wrongly magnified until a mountain has been made of it. Upon reflection, this fear seems quite childish. Why should a Constitution voted by human beings (consequently liable to error) under determined circumcumstances and for determined reasons not be slightly modified by their successors, especially when the original circumstances and reasons no longer exist? Why should said Constitution be considered an absolutely intangible dogma?

The Constitution voted in 1875 was modified a few years later for the first time. This took place without any difficulty. It was sufficient for the Government, in agreement with the majority in Parliament, to state exactly its requirements for an agenda and a very precise plan to be issued. Apart from that, great care was taken not to mislead the Assembly.

When we think of the very serious problems which the next Chamber will have to solve, we cannot help seeing that the President is right, and that it is absolutely necessary to reform the Constitution in order to strengthen considerably the executive power.

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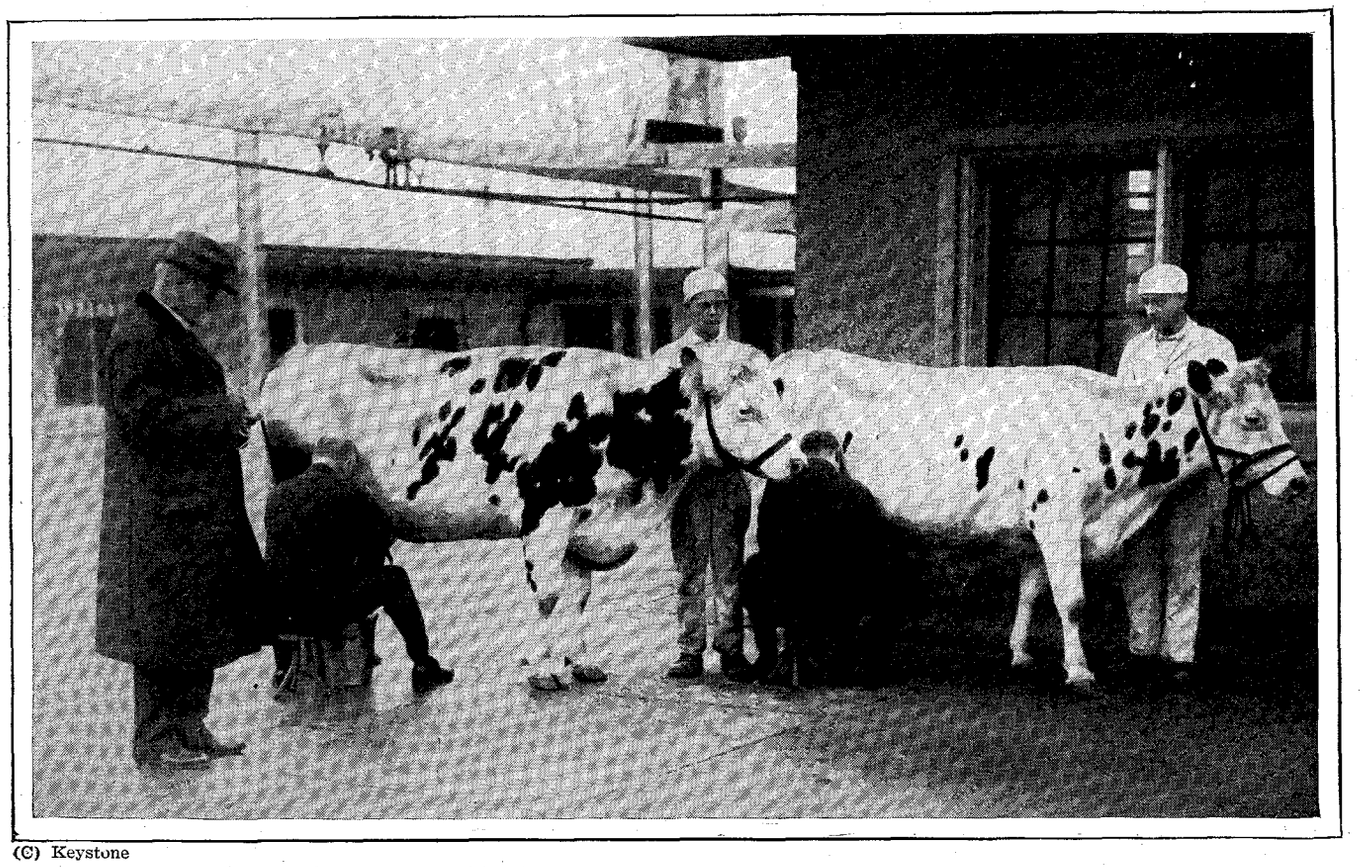
It Interested Everybody but the Cows



(C) Keystone

Senator Magnus Johnson, "Dirt Farmer," Loses in Milking Contest to Secretary Wallace

Left to right: General Tasker H. Bliss, referee; Henry C. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture; Magnus Johnson, Senator from Minnesota

Secretary Wallace Wins

Senator Johnson (left) gazes mournfully at the bottom of his three-gallon pail, which contained, according to the report, half a pint of milk less than that of the joyful Secretary whose triumph over the "dirt farmer" is happily expressed in this fortunate snapshot

International

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The Book Table

A Master Mind in War[1]

ENGLISHMEN are rather proud of the saying that England muddles through. They would not be so proud if it were simply that England muddles. That she does not stop with muddling she owes to those among her sons who do not muddle at all.

Winston Spencer Churchill is one of the few leaders of England during the World War who were guided by their intelligence. I was in England at the outbreak of the World War in 1914, and it seemed to me then that England's splendid response to the challenge of Germany was instinctive rather than reasoned. Indeed, most of the English who were talking and arguing about the war were engaged in giving reasons—poor enough—why England should not go in. The rest of England went in without talking or even, apparently, thinking about it. Fortunately for England, however, there were a few Englishmen who had been thinking about it, and one of them was the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill. Fortunately, too, this particular thinking Englishman was First Lord of the Admiralty.

It was in 1895 that Winston Churchill, as he relates, asked Sir William Harcourt concerning some contingencies, "What will happen then?" "My dear Winston," replied the old Victorian statesman, "the experiences of a long life have convinced me that nothing ever happens." There you have a key to English history. It is the Harcourts who see to it that England muddles; it is the Churchills who see to it that she muddles through.

In his first volume, covering his experiences from 1911 through the year 1914, Mr. Churchill tells what he foresaw of the coming storm, what he planned to make his country fit to weather it, and what he did when the storm broke. He writes with disarming frankness. When he finds that he erred, he says so without any mincing words. When events show that he was right—and they show that he was right most of the time—the documents in important cases are in the text to prove it. He takes little credit to himself, for he cordially acknowledges that he had at his disposal the best brains and the resources of the navy; and when he defends his course he is plainly bent, not on the glorification of himself, but on the vindication of public servants who gave themselves to the country and the cause they served.

(C) Keystone

Winston Spencer Churchill

In the opening pages of this first volume he sketches the events leading to the war. Like a skillful novelist, he prepares the scene and the chief characters, which in this case are nations. He effectually disposes of the naïve belief that the World War was the product of the intrigue of Machiavellian diplomats. One reason for that belief is that many people even among the educated are ignorant of the surging life of peoples and the push and pull of vast racial forces and national impulses. Mr. Churchill makes those forces move before the minds of his readers.

When on August 4, 1914, German troops entered Belgium, Britain's fleet was ready because Winston Churchill as early as November, 1909, took warning from Germany's course. Alone among civilized nations, Germany was planning to combine an unequaled army with an unequaled navy. After that became clear, Winston Churchill made himself and then his country's naval power ready. Those who have heretofore failed to see the distinction between such preparations as Mr. Churchill made and the fomenting of war ought to read this book, for it will reveal to them a great mind dealing with a problem created by this very distinction.

It is remarkable how free from passion these pages are. Mr. Churchill shows no hatred of the Germans; when he takes "the demonic view of their character," it is because it is necessary to assume it "for the purposes of considering a war problem," and the demonic view was amply justified again and again by the record of the Germans in the war.

Mr. Churchill's capacity to see the forest in spite of the trees, to understand and follow large movements in spite of confusing masses of incident, which is exemplified in the first volume by his narration of the origins of the war, is exemplified in the second volume by his survey of the war's great problems of strategy. His military training enabled him to understand the principles of strategy, while his position as a military layman kept his mind free from the distraction of unimportant military details. He stood where he could see the war in perspective; yet he had the training to understand it. During the war many so-called experts allowed themselves to be classed as either Easterners or Westerners as they favored, respectively, concentrating effort in the eastern field of war or on the western front. Mr. Churchill's view of the war removed him from factionalism, because he saw it whole. The military policy he advocated was based on his view of the whole war as a huge battle-line which extended from the North Sea to the Ægean. The problem as he saw it was to turn the flank of that line. Frontal attack is costly in men and material, but chiefly in men. And when frontal attack becomes trench warfare it reverts to mere slaughter, as useless as it is hideous. The object of warfare is, not killing, but victory. As Mr. Churchill says, "The greater the general, the more he contributes in maneuver, the less he demands in slaughter." Nearly all great battles through which states have been founded "have been battles of maneuver in which very often the enemy has found himself defeated by . . . some . . . unexpected thrust or stratagem." Not all, not even the greatest, of the maneuvers of war take place upon the battlefield. "There are maneuvers in time, in diplomacy, in mechanics, in psychology. . . . At the summit true politics and strategy are one."

Mr. Churchill's second volume is a treatise on this text—no, rather a narrative, which I have found more absorbing

[1] The World Crisis. By the Right Hon. Winston S. Churchill. Vol. I (1911–1914); Vol. II (1915). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $6.50 each.

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than many a novel, on this theme. Here he tells of the tanks, of the Gallipoli campaign (a vast plan for turning one of the flanks), the defeat of the "U boat," and other events of 1915, all from the point of view of one who believed that the war should be won, not by stupid competition in slaughter and torture and terror, but by maneuver on the grandest scale.

To many American readers of these two volumes the idea will occur that what Mr. Churchill did is much like what Theodore Roosevelt would have done in his place. There is something Roosevelt's knowledge combined with power to observe and dispose of detail. Roosevelt's saying that nine-tenths of wisdom consists in being wise in time might well stand as the inscription on the title-pages of these two volumes.

Mr. Churchill's memoranda on two occasions (one in 1911, the other in 1914) are striking examples of prevision and provision. The passage containing the latter is worth quoting in full. It concerns what happened on July 24:

> I always take the greatest interest in reading accounts of how the war came upon different people; where they were, what they were doing, when the first impression broke on their mind, and they first began to feel this overwhelming event laying its fingers on their lives. I never tire of the smallest detail, and I believe that so long as they are true and unstudied they will have a definite value and an enduring interest for posterity; so I shall briefly record exactly what happened to me.
>
> I went back to the Admiralty at about six o'clock. I said to my friends [Mr. Marsh and Mr. (now Sir James) Masterton Smith] who have helped me so many years in my work that there was real danger and that it might be war.
>
> I took stock of the position, and wrote out to focus them in my mind a series of points which would have to be attended to if matters did not mend. My friends kept these as a check during the days that followed and ticked them off one by one as they were settled.
>
> 1. First and Second Fleets. Leaves and disposition.
> 2. Third Fleet. Replenish coal and stores.
> 3. Mediterranean movements.
> 4. China dispositions.
> 5. Shadowing cruisers abroad.
> 6. Ammunition for self-defensive merchantmen.
> 7. Patrol flotillas.
>
> Disposition.
> Leave.
> Complete.
> 35 ex-Coastals.

(Continued on page 116)

Announcing

"The Platforms of the People"

To Be Written by Readers of The Outlook

ON the fourth of November next we shall go to the polling places to cast our ballots for candidates for President of the United States. Two, possibly three, major parties will have presented their causes to the country. Every voter will presumably be in a position to decide between the conflicting issues.

It is notorious, however, that issues of vital importance to the majority of citizens have a way of escaping popular discussion altogether or becoming hopelessly lost in the welter of campaign oratory. There is an impalpable barrier between the makers of political platforms and the wishes of great masses of the public.

To translate the will of the voters into issues worthy of intelligent discussion is a sorely needed task. It is a task that must be done if the next election is to have any true significance.

The Outlook is in an unusually advantageous position to make an important contribution to the crystallizing of public opinion. Appealing as it does to men and women of affairs, keenly interested in better government, The Outlook has a nation-wide audience whose collective thought is bound to count heavily in the framing of the platforms of the chief political parties.

The Outlook during the next few months will conduct a referendum on important issues to be called

"The Platforms of the People"

Subscribers to The Outlook will be asked to participate in a unique democratic experiment. Full liberty of expression will be given to the presentation of important issues. The results should provide a blueprint of public opinion invaluable to those who will be called on to frame the official platforms.

Further details of "*The Platforms of the People*" will appear in subsequent issues of

The Outlook

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A warning -bleeding gums

ARE your gums tender? Do they bleed when brushed? If so—watch out for Pyorrhea.

This disease of the gums, which afflicts *four out of five* people over forty, not only destroys the teeth, but often wrecks the health.

In Pyorrhea the gums become spongy, then recede; the teeth decay, loosen and fall out—or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about them. These germs lower the body's vitality and cause many diseases.

You can keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and use Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums prevents Pyorrhea—or checks its progress—if used in time and used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's keeps the gums firm and healthy—the teeth white and clean.

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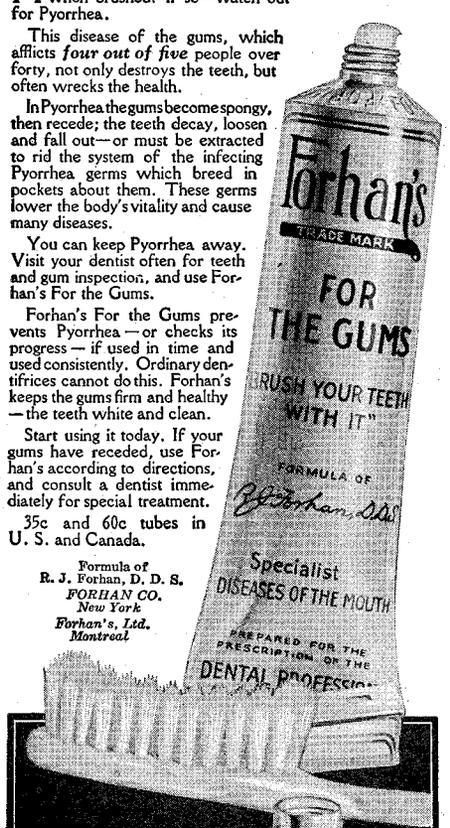

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14. K. Espionage.
15. Magazines and other vulnerable points.
16. Irish ships.
17. Submarine dispositions.

I discussed the situation at length the next morning (Saturday) with the First Sea Lord. For the moment, however, there was nothing to do. At no time in all these last three years were we more completely ready.

In the same volume, in recounting the terrible and then incomprehensible collapse of the defense of Antwerp, he writes:

Those who in years to come look back upon the first convulsions of this frightful epoch will find it easy with after knowledge and garnered experience to pass sagacious judgments on all that was done or left undone. There is always a strong case for doing nothing, especially for doing nothing yourself.

At least Winston Churchill never yielded to the impulse (if he ever had it) to do nothing himself. He had rather a thousand times do something wrong than do nothing at all. And what he did and planned and urged was not only something, but almost invariably something right. In this he was Rooseveltian.

Rooseveltian, too, he was at times in his phraseology, as when he speaks of the "prudent housewifery of the peace-time mind."

If Churchill's prescience and insight seem remarkable, it is partly because of contrast with the stupidity or slow wits of many of those with whom he had to deal. He is more lenient in his treatment of them than Roosevelt would have been, at times even generous.

Not often does a leading actor in great events prove a genius in writing of them. Winston Spencer Churchill is as exceptional in his account of what he did as he was in the doing of it. He does not pretend to be a historian. He simply tells what he saw and did and thought, and the result is something greater than history. ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

The New Books

FICTION

BROWN JACKETS. By Jane S. Heyward. The State Company, Columbia, S. C. $1.

The "Gullah" Negro dialect is that used by the Negroes of the Carolina coast islands. These sketches and little stories are written partly for carrying on the study of this queer dialect as literary material, begun by Mr. A. E. Gonzales, and partly to illustrate Negro character and show the friendly attitude and personal confidence as between whites and colored people in the Carolina low country.

DEIDRE. By James Stephens. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

We do not need to tell those who rejoiced in Mr. Stephens's "The Crock of Gold" and "The Demi-Gods" (the latter seems to us to contain some of the finest fantastic writing in the language) that he has a strangely deep knowledge of Irish folk-lore. In this tale of ancient times war, love, devotion, and whimsy are intermingled. It is a little more subtle and indirect in its method than the two books named, but still it is in its own *genre* a masterpiece.

FENCELESS MEADOWS: TALES OF THE SEA. By Bill Adams. The Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. $2.

This is a book of tales of the sea written by a man who once sailed before the mast. Bill's ships are the swift three-skysail clippers of romance, his sea world the ocean of thirty-odd years ago, when the last clippers were still battling with steam, his sailors the hardy roustabouts who stood by the great windjammers to the last. Not since Dana's time has the life of the sailing-ship sailor been chronicled in just this seamanlike and knowing way. So moving, indeed, is the mighty picture that the separate tales with their naïve plots vanish within the greater frame. It is the clipper in the ice round the Horn that one remembers, the thin whisperings of foam alongside in the night, and the wash and surge of the great forsaken seas. A good book, a rare book, a book for all who would taste on their lips the salt of sea adventure.

MUSIC, PAINTING, AND OTHER ARTS

LIFE OF THE ANCIENT EAST (THE). By Rev. James Baikie, F.R.A.S. The Macmillan Company, New York. $5.

Nearly a score of archæological expeditions are now in the field in the ancient East, and the almost daily reports of finds made by some of them have awakened an interest in this sort of excavation such as has never before existed. Readers who wish they could find time to make a study of the immense amount of modern archæological excavation will find here instead a highly readable, interesting, and not too technical account of the most notable field work that has been done. Instead of trying to cover the en-

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tire subject the author has chosen twelve of the best-known ancient city sites and has in each instance told the story of the excavation, who did it, what he found, and its significance. These sites are Abydos, Tell-el-Amarna, Thebes, Tutankhamen's Tomb, Lagash, Babylon, Nineveh, Troy, Mycenæ, Knossos, and Gezer. The ability to make such things really attractive reading with nothing of the lesson about them is rare, and this book shows that Mr. Baikie has it.

WONDERS OF THE PAST. By J. A. Hammerton. Vol. I. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $5 per vol.

The great cities of antiquity, with their monuments, tombs, and temples, are popularly described and copiously illustrated both in monotone and color in this work. The first volume gives much space to Egypt, which the recent discoveries in the Valley of the Kings more than justifies. Rome, Nineveh, Carthage, Baalbek, Angkor Wat, Pompeii, Palmyra—these are some of the places described in this volume. Though the work gives the impression of being somewhat miscellaneous in character, as a whole it is vastly impressive in its exhibition of what man has accomplished in the past. One would have to search in many volumes to find anything approximating the rich treasure of illustration herein contained.

BIOGRAPHY

LETTERS FROM W. H. HUDSON, 1901–1922. Edited by Edward Garnett. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $7.

Mr. Garnett was evidently exactly the right man to edit and arrange this volume of letters written by Mr. Hudson. He knew Hudson for at least twenty years before his death and was a member of the circle of literary and personal friends whom Hudson valued sincerely. His Introduction is the best picture of the writer's personality we have seen. Take, for instance, the three-line sketch: "Would that I could portray here Hudson's dark, rich glance and his triumphant, rising inflexions of tone as though to say, 'There! put that in your pipe and smoke it!'" Every one of the admirers of the work of this naturalist will want to read this volume of letters.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

STUDIES OF FAMILIAR HYMNS. By Louis F. Benson, D.D. The Westminster Press, Witherspoon Building, Philadelphia. $2.

This is a second series of Dr. Benson's sketches of the history of familiar hymns and of the personalities of the authors. It includes such famous men as Calvin, Isaac Watts, Whitefield, Charles Wesley, and others. The story of the way in which these hymns came to be written and their history is surprisingly romantic and readable. The value of the book is much increased by facsimiles and portraits.

MISCELLANEOUS

AMERICAN PUBLIC LIBRARY (THE). By Arthur E. Bostwick. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $3.

This is a new edition of what has come to be the best-known and most satisfactory book about the American public library. It has been both revised and enlarged. As most people know, Mr. Bostwick has been President of the American Library Association and has held very important positions in the public libraries of New York and St. Louis. His book is not confined to technical information for libraries, but includes interesting chapters on such topics as the modern library idea, the library as a museum, library publicity, the selection of the books, and similar topics.

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For ten days fight the film on teeth. See how they improve.

IN EVERY circle nowadays you see many pretty teeth. Millions are using a new method of teeth cleaning. It brings results which every woman wants. Send for this free test.

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You can feel on your teeth a viscous film. It clings to teeth, and no ordinary tooth paste effectively combats it. Soon it becomes discolored, then forms dingy coats. That is how teeth lose their beauty.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs breed by millions in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Under old methods, those film-caused troubles became almost universal.

So dental science sought for film combatants, and found two. One disintegrates film, one removes it without harmful scouring.

Able authorities have proved these methods effective. A new-type tooth paste has been created to apply them daily. The name is Pepsodent. Today careful people the world over employ it, largely by dental advice.

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Only one tube to a family.

Books Received

FICTION

ARLIE GELSTON. By Roger L. Sergel. B. W. Huebsch, New York. $2.

CAPTIVE BALLOONS. By George Ullman. Duffield & Co, New York. $1.50.

FIDELIS. By Jane Abbott. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $1.75.

LASS OF THE SWORD. By C. E. Lawrence. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $2.50.

BIOGRAPHY

ANTON CHEHOV. By William Gerhardi. Duffield & Co., New York. $2.

RIGHT OFF THE CHEST. By Nellie Revell. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.50.

ROBERT BURNS, HIS LIFE AND GENIUS. By Andrew Dakers. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

ON THE MARGIN. By Aldous Huxley. The George H. Doran Company, New York. $2.

SCIENCE

CULTIVATED EVERGREENS. Edited by L. H. Bailey. Illustrated. The Macmillan Company, New York.

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THE beauty, fascination, and mystery of the Orient lures visitors from all over the world to

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The quaintest and most interesting of all countries. Come while the old age customs prevail. Write, mentioning "Outlook," to

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DEAN TOURS Established in 1907
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July to September. Other Tours, $745 & $850. PIERCE TOURS, 1478 Broadway, New York.

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GALEN HALL
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Offers hospitality and comfort, good music, extensive system curative and tonic baths, diet kitchen, resident physician. No better food and service anywhere. Particularly attractive to ladies traveling alone. Illustrated folder, terms, bills of fare. Desk H.

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The Osceola-Gramatan Inn

Invites guests of quality and refinement to

A winter haven in Sunny Florida

Situated in a beautiful orange grove this new Inn with private cottages offers all the attractions of a southern winter home without its cares.

Modern in construction and tastefully furnished, we cater to people of refinement, particularly families. Cottages adjoining the Inn may be rented in whole or in part with full hotel service.

Guests enjoy the use of the excellent Daytona golf links. Delightful motoring, fishing and bathing on the famous Ormonde-Daytona beach.

Special rates for prolonged stay. Opens December 15th. The ideal home for winter is

DAYTONA, FLORIDA

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Rock Ridge Hall, Wellesley Hills, Mass. Fine location. Running water in bedrooms. Pleasant forest walks and country drives. Our table a specialty. $15–$25 a week.

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Hotel Wentworth
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Admirably located just off Fifth Avenue in the heart of the shopping and theater district. A quiet, high-class family hotel with comfortably furnished rooms, single or en suite, and the highest grade restaurant service at moderate prices.

The management makes every effort to have guests regard this hotel as a real *home* while in New York.

The hotel is convenient to subway, elevated, and surface lines going to all parts of the city as well as the Fifth Avenue bus line, running the whole length of the world's most famous thoroughfare.

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Residential hotel of highest type, combining the facilities of hotel life with the comforts of an ideal home. American plan $4 per day and up. European plan $1.50 per day and up.
SAMUEL NAYLOR, Manager.

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300 rooms, each with bath. Absolutely fireproof. One block to 72d St. entrance of Central Park. Comfort and refinement combined with moderate rates. Single room, per day, $3 to $4. Double rooms, $3.50 to $4.50. Suite, $5 to $7. Parlor, two double bedrooms, $8 to $10. Send for illustrated booklet J.

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PINE RIDGE CAMP ACTUALLY MID THE PINES.
Ideal place for outdoor life in winter. Main house and cabins with sleeping-porches. Modern improvements. Pure water. Excellent table. Rates moderate. Open all the year. Write Miss SANBORN, Aiken, S. C.

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Leading Physicians recommend the soothing, refreshing, sweet

AROM PINE PILLOW

for relief from Mental Fatigue, Insomnia, Nervous Headaches and Asthma. It brings the healthful fragrance from distant forests into your own home and lasts for years. GUARANTEED perfectly seasoned by our special process (Patent pen. 614483). If you write today SEND NO MONEY. We will send you one (size 16″x11″) and you may pay postman $1.85, plus postage. PINE PILLOW CO., Dept. O., Inwood Station, N. Y.

Stepping Stones to Better Auction, Simple rules for beginner and advanced player. Modern experts compared. Attractive pocket edition. Price $1. FREDA MACMAHON, Box 227, Montclair, N. J.

Highest prices paid for diamonds, watches, pearls, discarded jewelry, etc. Money wired within 2 hrs. Bank references. Detroit Gold Refiners, 402 Capitol Theatre Bldg., Detroit.

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HOPKINS' Educational Agency, 507 Fifth Ave., New York. Governesses, nurses, housekeepers. dietitians, companions, teachers, secretaries.

THE ORIGINAL INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Building, New Orleans, La. Established in 1902. No branches. Secures for teachers the best positions in schools and colleges. Free enrollment given college graduates. Register now.

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Companions and Domestic Helpers

HOUSEKEEPER wanted of refinement and executive ability. One who has had experience in household of 10 or 12 servants. Must be reliable and throughly competent to take care of culinary department as well as house proper in beautiful home. Apply before one o'clock, Thursday, January 17, at 416 Parker St., Newark, N. J.

DOES any OUTLOOK reader know of a middle-aged American couple, desiring comfortable, permanent home in separate house, small farm in Connecticut? Must know and love country. Light farm work, chickens, horse, cow, small garden, lawns, general chores, etc. Glen Wright, 94 Broadway, New York.

Teachers and Governesses

EXCEPTIONAL opportunity for physical instructor to take permanent charge of boys' camp in heart of Maine. One who could build up clientele. 4,505, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Business Situations

GENTLEMAN desires employment as secretary, whole or part time, or any other position which might accord with his abilities. Address "R," 1269 Madison Ave., New York City.

WANTED—Secretarial connection desired by young man twenty-six. Well qualified. Willing to travel. 4,510, Outlook.

Companions and Domestic Helpers

COMPANION-nurse-housekeeper-governess in motherless home. Maid kept. Good reader, sewer. Useful. References, experience. Educated American. 4,586, Outlook.

PART time position New York. Educated woman, experienced executive and welfare worker. Shopping experience. 4,591, Outlook.

POSITION wanted by experienced matron. Best references. 4,592, Outlook.

WIFE of university professor going to California soon will care for persons desiring assistance en route. Children preferred. Address 4,593, Outlook.

GOOD home and moderate wages offered to refined woman in exchange for help with housework and care of children. Country (modern conveniences), near Boston. Address 4,594, Outlook.

CONGENIAL, refined widow (46) take full charge of gentleman's home. Excellent manager, caterer. Country preferred. Highest references from present employer. 4,596, Outlook.

GENTLEWOMAN, good family, business and household experience, helpful companion—lady or child 4 years upwards.4,595, Outlook.

HOUSEKEEPER — Managing or visiting. Conscientious, adaptable. Incidentally can operate a force. Personal references. 4,501, Outlook.

COMPANION or chaperon by cultured, experienced gentlewoman. Highest references. Will travel. 4,509, Outlook.

WANTED--Position as traveling companion or secretary by refined and educated young woman of good family and highest references. 4,511, Outlook.

WIDOW desires position managing housekeeper, private home or institution; excellent manager. Experienced, healthy. References exchanged. 4,508, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

TUTOR wishes position, beginning January. 4,557, Outlook.

TEACHING governess and companion for backward child. Experienced. 4,597, Outlook.

GOVERNESS--German, English, French, excellent teacher for young children. Long experience; references. 4,599, Outlook.

TUTOR (lady), experienced, elementary, master's degree. Studied abroad. Will travel. 4,506, Outlook.

FRENCH teacher, Paris college, gives French lessons, moderate price. Write Madame Delaume, 52 West 94th St., New York.

GOVERNESS, mother's assistant.—Educated, experienced woman desires position. 4,503, Outlook.

CONVERSATIONAL or advanced French lessons given by French-American young woman, graduate Parisien School of Literature. 4,507, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

SHOPPING by New York expert who will send things, services free. References. Hattie Guthman, 309 West 99th St.

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

M. W. Wightman & Co. Shopping Agency, established 1895. No charge; prompt delivery. 25 West 24th St., New York.

WRITE poems. List twenty-five markets, 25c. Blakewhiting, "Authorservice," Branford, Conn.

By the Way

THE seven wonders of the ancient world were largely architectural—the Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Pharos of Alexandria, etc. The New York "Herald" recently asked a score or more of prominent Americans what they consider to be the seven wonders of the United States. Many of the replies named natural wonders, some of them gave the names of persons, and a few included famous documents, achievements, or phenomena. Of the twenty-three who answered the question ten included the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, seven the Yosemite Valley, six Niagara Falls, six the Yellowstone, five the Big Trees, three the Glacier National Park, and one the Valley of Ten Thousand Smokes in Alaska.

Of the other great wonders of America as named by the twenty-three persons of the "Herald's" list above quoted, three votes were for the Panama Canal, two for the Catskill water works, one for the Storm King Highway, one for the Roosevelt Dam, and one for the Manhattan Bridge of New York. Two votes were for the airplane, two for the radio, one for the telephone, one for motion pictures, one for the discovery of petroleum, and one for "the compressed cotton bale," while one man says "the greatest wonder is the production of the Ford car." "The corn-fields of Illinois" and "the green pastures of Wisconsin" are included in one answer.

Wonders omitted from the above lists might fill a column. Any one can make his own list.

From "Le Rire" (Paris):

"Oh, look, father! That man on the stage has just changed a sou into a silk handkerchief!"

"That's nothing, child! Your mother can very easily convert a hundred francs into a hat."

Perhaps nowadays the average churchgoer is not as familiar with his Bible as was his forebear of a previous generation, but even the devout Bible-reader of old must have found it difficult to supply offhand the names of the ingredients of "Old Testament Cake" as quoted below, without reference to the Book. We find the recipe in Christopher Morley's "Bowling Green" in the New York "Evening Post," a column which we are sorry to say has been discontinued:

Four and one-half cups of I Kings 4:28; one and one-half cups of Judges 5:25; two cups of Jeremiah 6:20; two cups of I Samuel 30:12; two cups of Nahum 3:12; one cup of Numbers 17:8; two tablespoons of I Samuel 14:25; season to taste with II Chronicles 9:9; six of Jeremiah 17:11; a pinch of Leviticus 2:13; one and one-half cups of Judges 4:19; two teaspoons Amos 4:5. Follow Solomon's prescription for making a good boy by Proverbs 23:14—and you will have a good cake.

The recipe is credited to an antiquated edition of "Woman's Favorite Cook Book," by Annie R. Gregory.

Faulty and incorrect translations of circulars and advertisements are often sent to foreign buyers, according to a Commerce Report published by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce. For instance, some time ago an American saddlery manufacturer, wishing to advertise his goods in Spanish countries, sent out pamphlets concerning "single-horse buggy harness" which he had for export. The translator made a literal translation, and the result was that he announced "Harness full of bugs, for a bachelor horse." Vacuum cleaners have been made over into "cleansers of emptiness;" monkey-wrenches into "wrenches for monkeys;" and iron washers into "machines to clean iron."

From "Punch:"

"What ever be up with thee, Grandad?"

"Why, I sold the old kitchen chair to that chap from Lunnen as a genuine antique, and I can remember my old grandfather tellin' me he made it hisself!"

An apt illustration of persistence in the endeavor to maintain an independent self-supporting existence on the part of two women, as well as of the kindly attitude toward them of a police officer, is furnished by the following paragraph in a New York City daily:

Captain Thompson found the two women living in a poorly furnished flat, which contained virtually no food. One, Mrs. ——, aged ninety-nine, was a widow. Her friend, Miss ——, aged sixty-four, assisted her to make their living by washing clothes. On Christmas Day they entered the police station saying they understood the police were giving away food. Captain Thompson was really distributing 450 boxes of candy. He went to various grocery stores and collected enough groceries to last the aged women many days. A good-hearted butcher supplied a turkey for them.

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Same famous red box; same peerless quality but *a new size*; a bigger value

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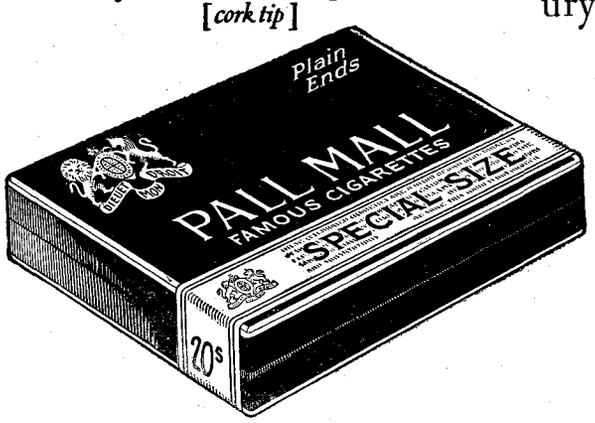
Try them tonight for your Luxury Hour

–that easy chair hour when every man feels entitled to life's best

PALL MALL *Specials*
New size–plain ends only
20 for 30¢

No change in size or price of PALL MALL *Regulars*
[*cork tip*]

The new Pall Mall Specials are not new in quality and distinction. The quality is old; it's Pall Mall quality to its last golden tobacco shred; the same matchless blend of the choicest oriental leaf that has made Pall Mall the peer of fine cigarettes for nearly three decades. Only the size and the price have been changed—to give you 20 cigarettes for 30c; to make this Luxury smoke equally an Economy smoke.



20 *for* 30¢

WEST OF THE ROCKIES 20 *for* 35¢

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